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IN HOLD OF SIN.

BY WM. MACKINTOSH.

See how one of the finny tribe
When held by angler's baited steel,
Strives all in vain to drop the bribe
That soon its luckless fate must seal.

And thus men sometimes fall a prey
To snares of vice, and vainly try
To break temptation's iron away,
And in sin's fetters bleed and die.

LIGHT AT LAST.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "A BROKEN WEDDING RING," "THORNS AND BLOSSOMS," "WHICH LOVED HIM BEST?" ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER I.

DICK, Dick, where are you? See if I will ever lend you another book of mine! You promised you would keep it only three days at the very longest, and now, just when I have a nice half-hour all to myself——"

"Hush, Mab!" said Dick, emerging from the shelter of a curtained recess in the old-fashioned sitting-room. "Hush! The pater is just outside with uncle John, and, if they get hold of me, I shall be sent off with some message half a dozen miles away. As for your book——"

"Give it to me—quick!" interrupted Mab impatiently.

"I can't—not just now—not till I have finished it," replied Dick. "You shall have it to-night. Honor bright, Mab!"

"That will be too late," she rejoined disappointed. "You can surely let me have it for half an hour? I promise to return it then. Why can't you be good-natured enough to let me have it, Dick? I shall have to do lessons all the afternoon, whereas you——"

"Mab," interrupted her brother, "I have left it in the library, that is the reason I did not get it for you. So you see you must wait."

"The library!" echoed Mab ruefully. "Well, I will try to slip in, if you will tell me exactly where you laid it down. You are always forgetting something, Dick."

"I left it on the window-seat. I was sitting there reading when uncle John and father came in. The window was open, so I quietly dropped out upon the lawn and slipped away—that is how it was that I left the book there, Mab. The curtain was half drawn and looped up as it always is to keep out too much air, which father declares gives him neuralgia, and so——"

"And so I shall lose my half-hour's reading!" cried Mab. "But but listen! Father is coming out of the library now, and uncle John with him. I shall get the book after all!"

The girl whispered the last sentence while the voices of two gentlemen were plainly audible outside in the corridor—the voices of Mab's father and of her uncle. The hesitated no longer, but went out swiftly and lightly by a side-door whence she could gain access to the library.

The library was a long low-pitched room, its three windows looking on to a sunny stretch of greensward, the latter relieved by oval beds of bright-hued flowers.

Mab lost not a moment in flying to the nearest window—the one where Dick must have left her story-book. She had hastily clutched her treasure, and was about to fly back again, when the door was reopened, and, to her affright, her father, followed by uncle John, came back.

A few words however from the former reassured her, making her decide to remain behind the shelter of the curtain, and not to betray her presence.

"Yes," said her father, "here it is, John. I always know your stick from mine by this mark on the knob. I told you you had laid it down on the oak table. Come along! We will start at once, and you will return with me and dine and sleep."

"I suppose I must," replied the other. "We shall hardly be back before seven o'clock."

"No," said Mab's father; then, lowering his voice cautiously, he added another sentence which made Mab feel very uncomfortable. "Shut the door, John; I want to say another word to you before we start. This letter is on my mind. After all, as you say, it is risky to carry such a secret about with one, and we must read it through together before we destroy it."

"I should think so!" interrupted uncle John.

"So I will put it in here," continued Mab's father, opening a tiny drawer in his large writing-table.

"That will be safer," remarked his brother. "But where are your keys? You would surely never leave such a paper in a drawer which was not locked, even for a moment!"

"No, no; but it would matter little if I did, as for safety's sake it is written in German. The servants cannot read German," returned the other, feeling first in one pocket and then in the other for his keys.

"But there are the children," said uncle John, with manifest disquiet. "You are a careless man, Richard. To think of your not having your keys at hand!"

"I must have left them on the toilet-table;" was the reply, as the speaker hastily closed the narrow drawer after throwing the letter inside. "Well, I will fetch the keys at once, just to ease your mind; but I can assure you that neither the girls nor Dick would venture to open any of the drawers in my writing-table. They stand in too much awe of me; and it is well that it is so—the faintest suspicion of what this letter contains would raise a hornet's-nest about your ears and mine. The tables would then be turned, and Dick would have no mercy! No, no; that secret must be for ever hidden. You call me a careless man, but I think I have kept it well concealed all these years—as well as you yourself, John."

"Great heavens, the merest whisper would be destruction!" cried uncle John, in horror.

"Well, you know what care I have always used, and that lately I have insisted that any communication shall be in German. That puts me at ease about this letter. None of the servants would be likely to decipher it, even if it were dropped; but we will read it over together, and then destroy it. But hark! That is surely Lord Fallerton's voice! The footman has shown him into the drawing-room. I must go and see him, and speak to him about that fence—his deer are always jumping over into my fields. I have stormed at his agent till I am tired."

"You are not going to leave that letter there?" said uncle John, stopping short.

"Only for a few moments," answered his brother. "It is perfectly safe, as I have assured you. No one comes here—no one among the servants could read it, and the children would not dare. Besides, no one dreams of its existence."

Just then the door of the library opened, and a footman announced to his master that Lord Fallerton was in the drawing-room, or else perhaps Mr. Charlford might have thrust the paper into his pocket.

As it was, he allowed the servant to hold open the door for his exit and that of his brother, after which the trembling Mab was left alone.

She was by this time wrought up to a high pitch of excitement. She was devoted to her elder brother Dick; she was, besides, very young and impulsive, and she fancied that her father and her uncle was plotting something against Dick.

There was a secret which he was never to know, which, if he knew, he would be angry about! Ah, poor boy! But she would dare all for his sake!

She would read the paper—it would not take a moment, though of course it was wrong to do so—and then she could inform Dick of the plot hatching against him. Yes, it was wrong to do so—Mab felt that, even in this moment of excitement, but she was very impulsive.

The girl was a good German scholar, for from babyhood she had had German nurses and German governesses about her; it would be easy enough for her to decipher the few lines on the paper hidden within the drawer of her father's writing-table.

Without a moment's pause for consideration, and gaining courage from the belief that her father would be detained least half an hour by Lord Fallerton, who was a great talker, the girl flew to the table, snatched out the paper, and darted back behind the curtain to make herself mistress of its contents.

Well might her hands tremble as she was about to unfold it!—for Mab had never in all her life been guilty of such an action before, and but for her love of Dick, which had blinded her for the time, and for her father's sternness, she would not have done this thing now.

And, as if her repentance was to begin immediately, even before she was cognisant of that for which she had risked so much, she heard her father's step, her father's voice; and he entered the library, followed by Lord Fallerton, his visitor.

Half dead with fear, Mab thrust the letter into her pocket, as she cowered behind the shelter of the curtain. She could not have moved for very terror; she stood spell-bound, yet she was fully conscious of what was going on in the room a few paces from her.

"You have a capital map of the county here, Mr. Charlford," Lord Fallerton was saying, as he and her father consulted a map hanging on the opposite wall.

"Yes; it is the best one I know of," replied her father.

And then uncle John entered with some keys in his hand, and, going straight to the writing-table, locked the drawer which he supposed held the very paper which now lay at the bottom of Mab's pocket.

"Here are your keys, Richard," said her uncle. "I have locked your drawer."

"Thank you," returned her father, putting them into his pocket.

As in a dream, the trembling girl heard the comments made by her father and by Lord Fallerton upon the county map, and it seemed to her like another dream when they, with her uncle, moved away and returned to the drawing-room.

Barely had she power left to creep from the library up to her own pretty chamber, where she sank, exhausted by her emotions, upon the foot of the bed.

Presently footsteps sounded outside the door, followed by a knock, and then her two younger sisters presented themselves.

"You are to come down-stairs, directly, Mab—Miss Gray has been waiting for you nearly ten minutes!" cried her sister Netta.

Mab jumped up, still trembling, the secret still undeciphered, the paper still lying in the pocket of her dress.

"Oh, Netta," she gasped, "is Miss Gray very cross? I had forgotten the time. What shall I do?"

"Come directly, before she gets more angry," replied Netta. "She is waiting to give you your French dictation while we do our sums. She says it is the only time you have for writing it. Oh, do come at once, Mab!"

The girl reluctantly obeyed, her heart beating fast and unevenly, her whole world turned upside down by the agitating sequel to her adventure in her father's library. What would be the end of this? It seemed to Mab that she would certainly in some way be punished for what she had done, it was so very wrong, and that she must ultimately confess the truth to her father—but not now; she had no courage.

"Why, what is the matter, Mabel?" cried her governess, as she entered the school-room. "Are you ill? You look quite scared, my dear."

"I am not ill, Miss Gray—I have only a headache; and I am sorry I am so late," returned Mab confusedly, going to the table and opening her book.

"Well, sit down. Why, you are trembling!" said the governess, regarding her attentively. "Has your father been displeased with you, Mabel? Is that it?" she asked in a softened tone.

"Oh, no, indeed, thank you, Miss Gray!" replied the young girl, striving to divert attention from herself.

"Of course there is something the matter, my dear," continued her governess. "However, I do not wish you to tell me what it is if you would rather not. Can you attend to your school-work, or are your thoughts too much engrossed by something else?"

"Oh, indeed I can attend! I am quite ready to do anything!" cried Mab, becoming still more alarmed at the attention which she had drawn upon herself.

Miss Gray said no more on the subject, and soon Mab and her twin-sisters, Annette and Isabel, were bending over the school-table at their usual after-noon occupation, Mabel's head throbbing and her mind bewildered.

"Oh, if uncle John had not locked the drawer!" she thought continually. At any moment he or her father might open it and discover the loss of the paper.

It was a pleasant afternoon in early summer, the sky gray and serene, the air sweet and fresh.

"You may close your books," said Miss Gray suddenly, when Mab had got through her dictation and was reading Duruy's French History aloud, whilst the younger ones were writing German exercises. "Netta, run up-stairs and fetch your sisters' hats and gloves, and your own and mine too, if you please, my dear. Then we will all get out into the fresh air as soon as we can; it will do Mabel good."

"Oh, thank you, Miss Gray!" answered Mab and Netta simultaneously; and the latter darted off with alacrity on her errand, thinking that Miss Gray was very kind to let them go out earlier than usual.

Mabel was still too much bewildered to refuse the walk, stay behind, and possess herself of the secret. She must be content to wait till evening gave her a few quiet moments to herself, or till she went to bed. She felt so agitated at present that, even had she been left entirely alone, she would not have had nerve to draw the paper from her pocket and peruse it. But, when bed-time came, and she had said good night to her father, and her door was closed, and every one in the house supposed her to be asleep—then she would read the secret about Dick.

Thus ran her thoughts as she put away her books, and soon she and her sisters were walking across the fields with Miss Gray. The fresh air had a soothing effect on Mab; the color returned to her cheeks, and some portion of courage came back to her.

"You really look better, Mabel. I am glad we came out a little sooner," remarked the governess. "Come, I will tell you a little story to make you laugh. I am sure somebody has been scolding you to-day, my dear; you are not usually so much upset."

And the kind woman related a lively anecdote whilst Mabel walked on at her side, trying to pay attention and to laugh when Netta and Bella laughed.

But all the while her eyes roved over the landscape to see if Dick were anywhere at hand, and her thoughts were occupied with the letter lying in her pocket.

CHAPTER II.

A COUPLE of hours had passed; Mab had returned from her walk, tea was over, and she was now changing her dress in order to appear in the drawing-room for an hour with her sisters before the late dinner.

This was the only time in the day when Mr. Charlford had any intercourse with his younger children, and Mab was still reckoned among them, for she was as yet only sixteen and a half.

The girl dreaded this evening hour, when her father examined her in history and various other subjects, looking at her drawings, eyed her dress critically, and told her of small short-comings in her behavior.

If she had spoken or laughed too loudly on any occasion, this was the time chosen for reprimanding her—in fact, no pleasant associations were connected with the evening meeting with her father.

How would she get through the ordeal to-night, she wondered, with such a secret fear as that which lurked in her heart? perhaps she might burst into tears at the first severe word addressed to her; and she trembled at the idea that her father might detect the fact that she had something on her mind.

She had been ready nearly five minutes; she had heard the younger ones run down-stairs, yet she lingered by her open window, shrinking from what must come after all.

A sharp ring at the front entrance startled her. What visitor could it be that came so late? An ordinary one would not ring in that manner.

While she paused at the top of the stairs, listening nervously, she heard her own name called hastily by her eldest sister, Caroline.

"Mab!"

"Yes," stammered the agitated girl, going forward.

"Where are you? Come down stairs at once!" said Caroline. "Something has happened. Father has had a telegram from a great friend of his in Frankfort, and he is going to start for Germany this evening, and will be absent at least a month; and there will be great changes for us too, Mab, for we are not to be left here all to ourselves. You and I and Dick are to go and stay with uncle John; while the younger ones will be sent with nurse and Mrs. Gray to the seaside."

Mab did not answer. Her immediate sensation was one of intense relief. Her father going away for a month! It almost neutralized her reluctance to go to uncle John's.

The incidents of the two or three hours which succeeded this startling intelligence passed with Mab like an unreal dream. She was very quiet, apparently listening attentively to all that her father was saying. Never had she gained so much of his approbation.

The dinner was hastened, and Mab permitted to take her place at the table in these unusual circumstances. As soon as the meal was over the brougham drove around to take Mr. Charlford to the station, whither Dick was to accompany him.

No confidences with Dick were yet possible to poor Mab; and then she was left one of the group in the hall to witness the departure of the master of the house.

"Now I will slip away and learn the secret," thought Mab; and she was about to put her resolve into execution when her sister Caroline touched her on the shoulder and said—

"Come and help me to move a few of my things, Mab, I must occupy your room to-night, Mrs. Hales says, and you can sleep with Annetta, for father had to go off in such haste that he had his writing-table carried into his dressing-room, and his rooms will be locked up until his return, so that uncle John must have my room. Mrs. Hales says it is not worth while to prepare one just for to-night when mine will do as well, and we are all to leave to-morrow."

Poor Mab! She could not refuse; but this new arrangement meant that she would not be alone for one moment that night, as Annetta, a very wakeful girl of fifteen, would be with her.

The mysterious secret seemed to be weighing her to the earth. How important it must be to induce her father to order his writing-table to be carried up-stairs and his rooms to be locked up during his absence.

Oh for a conference with Dick! He at least would sympathize with her; but, as for her sister Caroline, she was almost as far apart from Mab's life as was her father himself.

The hour for going to bed came too soon for Mab, for Dick had not returned; however, she could find no pretence for lingering when Caroline said testily—

"Do go to bed, Mab! You will keep Netta awake; and we will have to start early to-morrow."

And now a new difficulty arose for Mab. Where could she hide securely the paper which was in her pocket?

The only thing to do was to thrust it under her pillow, till the maid, who was helping Netta to undress, should have left the room; and she must manage to do this without being observed.

What terrible agitation she experienced as her sister prepared for bed! With what tremulous feelings she removed her own dress, seeking for the propitious moment in which to draw the paper from her pocket.

But the maid's eyes and Netta's were upon her, and Mab suffered so much agitation that she had lost her coolness and courage.

"Let me hang up your dress, miss," said the maid, taking the garment from Mab's unwilling hands.

With frightened gaze the girl watched her while she was hanging the dress in the wardrobe, wondering all the time how soon she could creep out of bed in the darkness, secure the terrible paper containing the secret, and keep it in her hand, if need be, till day broke. She was certain that till then she could lie awake, for in June day dawns so early.

The next instant she was calling out in frantic dismay to the maid.

"Jane, Jane, what are you doing?" and she was rushing forward to pick up the paper which had already caused her so many pangs, and which had fallen out of her pocket, when Jane turned her dress in hanging it up.

"'Tis nothing, miss—only this bit of paper," said Jane, in order to excuse herself, for she had crushed it in her hand in picking it up.

In her agitation Mabel tore it from the maid, and it was rent almost in two. The girl could no longer contain herself. She darted to the other window, and eagerly scanned both sides of the crumpled sheet of paper.

She was not, however, rewarded for her pains. A very few words, containing no meaning, met her eyes. These were in German, and translated, read as follows:

"So it will be as well to let Frankfort be the place assigned."

No more—not a word! Her head reeled—there was no secret here! Stay—no secret? Was there not one, in truth? For did these words mean her father was going ostensibly to Frankfort, when in reality he was traveling somewhere else?

"Why, Mab, what is the matter?" cried Netta. "Is the paper your new table of lessons which Miss Gray gave us yesterday? If it is, of course she will be angry that you have torn it; and yours is only partly like mine, for you do so many other lessons."

"Oh, Netta, I don't know what I shall do!" stammered Mab, sinking on to a seat, and crushing the already crumpled paper in her hand.

"You can't do anything except tell Miss Gray that it got torn by accident," said Netta, in trouble for her sister. "Cheer up Mab! You will be at uncle John's with Dick and Carry, so that you won't really want your new table, will you?"

Mab answered her "no," but it troubled her anew thus to allow Netta to suppose what was not actually the case. It was impossible, however, to explain the truth to a girl like Netta.

And, as all this time the maid was waiting to finish brushing Annetta's hair, Mab seized upon this as a pretext for sending the child from her side, and began silently to prepare for bed herself.

Soon the two sisters were left alone with the quiet of night, and very quickly Netta's deep breathing told Mab that she was sleeping peacefully.

Slumber, however, was far from the eyes of the elder girl. She was trying to think clearly, trying to calm her terrible agitation, in order to meet the requirements of the coming day; and, as she mused, she found comfort, for she came to the conclusion that the secret was still safe in the little drawer in her father's writing-table.

"Yes, that is it," said Mab to herself—undoubtedly that is it."

She must have taken only one-half of the paper out of its hiding-place when she seized it so suddenly; the other half must be where her uncle and father had hidden it.

Thinking thus, Mab experienced immense relief, for though she had greatly desired to know what the secret was, it had never occurred to her that she would be prevented from restoring the paper to the drawer.

Well, she need not now think of it any more. She would burn those few words about Frankfort when she had shown them to Dick, and try to forget them, though she would certainly warn Dick of the supposed plot against him, poor boy.

With this conclusion, Mab at last found rest for her busy brain in slumber. Still even her dreams centred in this thing which was hidden.

There was a secret locked up in that drawer up-stairs—something which her father was very anxious to conceal. It was dreadful too, to imagine, as she could not help doing, that he was deceiving them all—pretending to go to Frankfort when in reality he was journeying elsewhere.

The young girl's dreams were not restful; she was still, in imagination, trying to hide the paper, and she had just placed it in safety on the top of the medicine-chest in a little room once used by her dead and gone mother, when, lo, her father—who had followed her unheard—laid his hand on the hidden thing, seized it, and confronted her.

In a cold tremor, she awoke with a cry. The sun was shining in at the window, and Netta had already begun her morning toilet.

"I could not wake you, Mab," said the girl running to the side of the bed.

"Why, I have been dreaming, gasped Mab.

"Yes; for you cried out," rejoined Netta. "Oh, Mab, make haste now, for I think we are late this morning."

Yes, it was late. The perturbation of the day before had made Mab sleep heavily at last; and Netta too had been thrown into a state of excitement when she heard of her coming journey to the seaside, and that her father was to go away for a month at least.

Not one day, but several seemed to Mab to have passed over her head since the previous one, but she could not tell any one but Dick what had occurred, and to get him alone was not always an easy matter.

She had kept the piece of torn crushed paper; it was folded and placed in a small pocket-book which had been given to her on her birthday, and this she now put into her desk and locked up.

As soon as breakfast was over there was a general move made to prepare for departure. The carriage was to take nurse, Miss Gray and the children, first to the station, and Mab, Dick, and Caroline were to start with uncle John immediately after luncheon.

"Dick," said Mab, seizing a moment as she met him in the hall, "I do so want to speak to you!"

"Eh?" returned Dick. "Is it particular?"

"Indeed it is!" she answered emphatically.

"Well, then, I am afraid we must wait till to-morrow evening. No—till the day after; for uncle John has informed me that I am expected to dine out with him to-morrow."

There was no time for further speech between brother and sister, for uncle John appeared at that moment, and they separated.

CHAPTER III.

"TO-MORROW evening" had come. Mab, Dick, and Caroline were installed at uncle John's and each of them felt more or less unsettled and restless, their usual occupations being interrupted and their freedom restricted.

For uncle John kept a pretty sharp watch in a quiet way over their doings whenever they stayed in his house, and the young people were secretly assured of this. Nevertheless Mab experienced some relief at her stern father's absence; but she did wish that they had all been left at home.

It was about seven o'clock when, as Mab was crossing the hall, dressed for the evening meal which she supposed she was to share tete-a-tete with her eldest sister, Dick rushed down-stairs and caught Mab's arm.

"Mab," he cried, "I'm in a pretty pickle—will you help me out of it? Uncle John has just informed me that I have to sleep as well as dine at Lord Bilstone's to-night; and uncle himself is not going after all—he has a touch of gout. The carriage will be round in five minutes, so I shall have no time to help myself out of the hobble."

"Uncle not going!" exclaimed Mab. "Well, tell me at once, dear Dick, what you wish me to do; you know I would do anything in the world that you wanted."

"Oh, Mab, you are a darling!" returned Dick gratefully. "Well, I shall get into an awful row if I don't ask you to do this for me, Mab! I've left uncle's box of flies for his fishing down by the pool. Do get it in before morning."

"That I will," said Mab earnestly; "but oh, how could you take it?"

"Because I was a venturesome young fool," he answered penitently.

"Shall I be sure to find the box?" asked Mab uneasily.

"Quite sure. I put it behind the boat-house, under the clump of dock-leaves. You will find it, though nobody else would think of looking there."

"I'll be sure to get it, Dick," whispered Mab hurriedly, as the noise of wheels coming up to the front entrance became audible. "And, oh," she added, her voice thrilling with the deep excitement which she had for so many hours suppressed, "I have so much to tell you, Dick! You must manage to get half an hour with me to-morrow—don't let uncle John or anybody prevent it."

"All right!" said Dick confidently; and it was all that he had time to utter, for just then Caroline appeared on the staircase, and uncle John opened his library door, saying sharply—

"Don't keep the horses waiting, Dick! The animals bolt on every possible occasion."

"I'm ready, uncle," replied the young fellow, hastening to the hall door, from which he was immediately whirled away, while Mab, Caroline, and their uncle went into the drawing-room.

"What a beautiful evening!" remarked Caroline, going to the open window and leaning out over the roses. Caroline was a young lady who always made a practice of playing an amiable part in society, although she forgot her role in every-day intercourse with her brother and sisters.

"My dear Caroline," said uncle John sarcastically, "allow me to observe that the beauty of the evening is self-evident. Any one would smile with pity at a person in society who uttered in the course of conversation such a sentence as this, 'The grass is green,' or, 'The snow is white,' yet you were guilty just now of an utterance exactly similar. Do let me advise you to remain silent, or to speak without giving vent to such platitudes."

"Well, then, let us talk of the article you are writing for the Contemporary Review, uncle. It is to appear in that publication, isn't it?" said Caroline, mastering her mortification.

"I never talk of my own productions—it is bad taste," he answered stiffly. "Mabel"—turning sharply to his younger niece—"may I ask if you never open your mouth except to eat? Are you dumb always?"

Mabel's charming face flushed with painful embarrassment.

"Well? I am waiting for your answer!" continued her uncle disagreeably.

Caroline attempted to come to her sister's help.

"Mab is still in the schoolroom, and has not yet learned the art of conversation," she said.

"Nor have you, I should say, from your very original remark just now," observed her uncle grimly. "Well"—to Mab, who, anything but comfortable, was sitting near the window—"I was asking if you were habitually dumb in the schoolroom?"

"It is not very easy to talk when you are snubbed, uncle," the girl faltered, her voice unsteady from coming tears.

"Indeed! You set yourself up then as a censor of my conduct towards you, eh? Well, I shall not fail to inform your father, who will, I venture to say, be somewhat surprised at his younger daughter's behavior."

Mabel rose hastily to leave the room. Fain would she have done so to hide her tears, as well as to escape her uncle's strictures. But he stopped her.

"No," he said authoritatively; "stay where you are, Mabel! And really I must request you to control yourself a little more while you are in my house. Here is Mason to announce dinner, at which you will certainly appear."

Unhappy Mabel! She had had a wild but fleeting hope that these unpleasant remarks would have conduced to one good thing at least—her being dismissed by her uncle, when she could have slipped out-of-doors whilst he was at dinner, have gone to the boat-house, secured the box of flies, and placed it in safety. But no; she had to repress her agitation, to walk into the large cool dining-room after Caroline and uncle John, and to sit under the stern eyes of her merciless relative.

During the whole of the meal one biting remark followed another, Mabel wondering how she could get to the boat-house in order to secure the box which Dick had hidden.

"I shall have to go after prayers," she thought. "It is impossible to go before."

She was right in this supposition. Dessert over, her uncle detained her to read to him, when she would gladly have escaped into the garden, where the roses and other flowers looked so inviting under the summer evening sky.

At length however she was permitted to close the book, and was told to give him some tea, whilst he, turning to Caroline, observed that he thought a change in the unbroken sunshine of the past few days was at hand, and that he longed for a cloudy sky to get a day's fishing.

"Depend upon it there will be a change before morning," he added; "the glass indicates it."

Caroline responded by asking if there were at present many fish in the pool.

"A good many, and in prime condition," he answered.

A footman entered to remove the tea-equipage, and soon afterwards the sound of a bell was heard, which was the signal for the servants to assemble for prayers in the hall—for uncle John was very particular about outward observances.

Mab gave a sigh of relief; the servants filed in and out again; then Mab and Caroline exchanged the usual "Good night," and the ordeal for that evening was over.

Twilight had fallen out-of-doors, but there was no real darkness. It would be the easiest thing possible to find her way to the boat-house, Mab thought; but she must go at once, for, if anything detained her, the servant might fasten the doors before her return.

The girl was well aware that at that time of year doors and windows would be open for another hour at least; she knew, however, that she ran some risk, but for that she was prepared.

Not a moment did she linger to dispute with her elder sister, when the latter said severely at the top of the stairs—

"You really must exert yourself to talk a little to uncle John; it is nothing but true that you are always dumb, Mabel."

At another time she would have declared that she could not but be dumb before him. But now she only said, "good night, Carry," and went to her room.

She did not remain there long, however. In a minute she had wrapped around her a thin dark mantle; the next she was stealing down-stairs, and, at the risk of meeting her dreaded uncle, she passed through the marble hall out into the summer twilight.

How sweet the air was! But Mabel did not linger to enjoy its delicious fragrance. Aware of the importance of utilizing every moment, she sped across the lawn, which was now shrouded in a pleasant gloom. It would not take many minutes to run to the meadow by the short cut that she knew.

There was a sunk fence dividing the flower-garden from the small park beyond, and Mab was about to let herself down upon the dewy grass, when the odor of a cigar was borne to her upon the air, and the outline of a man's form reclining on a garden-seat caught her eye.

Not six paces from the spot where she was sat her uncle, and Mab stood still only just in time to avoid detection.

How should she ever get to the boat-

house now? She dared not advance, it was perilous to remain where she was, and she might be discovered in retreating. Oh, if she had guessed her uncle's whereabouts she could easily have reached the boat-house by the back route.

The trembling girl stepped towards a spreading laurel, where she could shift her position undetected when her uncle should rise to go indoors, and then she waited for her opportunity.

When would it come? Was it coming? How long would uncle John sit there puffing at his cigar? She was terrified lest he should discover her proximity.

About a quarter of an hour elapsed while she was in this uncomfortable situation, the girl's frightened gaze being riveted on her uncle in the increasing gloom.

Then she saw him rise, throw away his cigar, linger a moment, as if enjoying the summer night, and then saunter towards the house.

At last her troubles for the night were nearly over. Mason always sat up until his master went to bed, and uncle John never retired till towards midnight, and he liked the hall-door open on warm nights to give air.

There was no fear yet of her being shut out; but danger lay in either encountering Mason or her uncle as she regained the house and remounted the staircase. She was young, however, and youth, especially at sixteen, trusts to good fortune.

Mab watched her uncle disappear within the house, and then swiftly and silently dropped upon the thick grass beyond the lawn.

For one moment she listened intently. All was still, save for the soft murmur of insects on the wing; and the girl, reassured, sped on across the park and into the meadow where the boat-house stood by the flowing water.

Ah, the sky was already clouded over—it was well that she had had courage to come to-night to do Dick's errand. At the first sign of a change in the weather uncle John would prepare his fishing-tackle and would miss his flies.

There was not so much as a cow or a sheep to startle Mabel going on—not even the tinkle of a bell or the footstep of a passer-by—for there was a path on the other side of the pool—no mysterious gloom to alarm her.

The stillness was unbroken, while by the side of the pool, away from the overshadowing trees, the twilight seemed clearer than in the flower-garden. Ah, the moon was rising—that was what made the place lighter.

Mabel had sped to the boat-house so rapidly that she was glad to pause and take breath; but only for an instant did she linger—the next she crept down behind the boat-house, sought out the group of large dock-leaves, stooped, groped under them, heedless of damp or falling dew, secured the box, and was about to return when her attention was attracted by a murmuring voice within the boat-house.

Good heavens, who—who was speaking there at this time of night? Mab gasped for breath, and shivered with a strange dread, such as she had never felt before.

It was her father who was in the boat-house, separated from her only by a few planks, the wide interstices of which enabled her to see through; she saw, though dimly, his figure—the figure of her father, who was supposed to be at that moment in Frankfort.

CHAPTER IV.

BEWILDERED, almost petrified, the young girl remained motionless in the half-gloom. She could not fly from the spot; she could only clutch the box that she held in both hands.

There was a movement in the boat-house, and, despite her terror, Mabel was now conscious there were two figures inside the rough shelter.

Something terrible must be concealed, she thought, for why should her father, a country gentleman, be here, when he had given out to every one that he was going abroad?

The affrighted girl could only strain her eyes and ears, waiting for what might come next; and then she heard the man who was with her father speak.

"I tell you what it is, Charlford," he began, when the other interrupted him vehemently.

"Are you not mad to address me by that name?" said he. "I am 'Filton' to you and to everybody until I take up my ordinary life again."

"Oh," responded his companion with a strange laugh, "'Filton' or 'Charlford'—it doesn't matter here—the moon and the beetles are our only listeners! But I think we have settled the business, so come along. Capital rendezvous this place makes—so quiet and removed from danger! Good night, Filton. We part here, I suppose."

"Certainly; and I shall not linger, I promise you. The morning will see me miles away. I will go at once—you follow."

And without more leave-taking they separated.

Mabel trembled violently and shrank back into the gloom behind the boat-house when she perceived the figure of her father emerge from the shelter.

A broad-brimmed hat was slouched over his face, and creeping out from the shadow of the boat-house with stealthy step, like a thief in the night, he passed into the meadow, where he skulked along in the darkest parts till he was lost to view.

It was some few minutes before the bewildered girl recollected that she had lost time on her errand, and that even now it might be too late for her to re-enter her uncle's house without demanding admission, and this she dared not do.

"I must sit in the summer-house till morning; I must hide there," she thought distressfully. The maids must be made to think that I went out early this morning before breakfast, and I must go in with my hands full of flowers. Nobody will guess that I have been out all night."

But, alas, she had not yet gained the shelter of the summer-house! Her heart was struck with a new pang as she heard a smothered exclamation from the man who had been with her father in the boat-house, and whose form she now dimly perceived come into view.

She had for the instant forgotten him in the intensity of her fear at her father's proximity; now the nearness of this new danger overwhelmed her.

Where could she hide from the man's eyes? What could she answer if he perceived her and questioned her? To the affrighted girl he appeared to be a desperado ready to stab any listener.

It was not likely that he would credit her tale that she was the daughter of his friend. His friend! How frightful to imagine such a man as this her father's friend.

She had dropped down upon the grass, crouching on one side of a bush—it was the only hiding-place left her.

The man emerged from the boat-house, and, standing with his back to Mabel, appeared to be looking anxiously in the direction of the flower-garden.

"How long will she keep me waiting?" he muttered; and he was so near to the spot where Mabel was crouching, that she heard the words distinctly.

She? Whom could this man be waiting for?

But this Mabel cared not to know: her whole desire was to steal away. Once more within her uncle's grounds, she could in some measure feel safe.

"Ah, here she comes! Now for the proper amount of well-feigned adoration, in exchange for which I shall get help that she little dreams of. Charlford will not quite guess who our messenger is to be. Ha, ha!"

As he concluded his soliloquy he moved away, and Mabel, stiff with crouching in a constrained position, overwhelmed with an agony of terror lest she should be perceived, too blinded by fear to consider the step she was taking—nor indeed had she time—rushed into the shelter of the boat-house.

For there was a door at the side of which she was well aware, and which was now open. By it access could be gained to a small room in which were a table, a chair, and a cupboard.

Hardly had she reached this when she recognized her mistake. Approaching footsteps and voices sounded on her ear—those of a man and a woman; and they were coming into the boat-house—there, where she herself had taken shelter!

Quickened by terror, she remembered the long cupboard situated near the entrance, and groping, fortunately, took hold of the open door with her trembling hands.

To step within and to pull it nearly closed, so as to hide herself from these intruders, was the work of a moment.

She was none too soon in seeking this place of refuge, for the man and the woman were fairly within the boat-house now, and he was leading her to seat close to the cupboard.

"My darling, such a moment as this is worth a year's common existence! Your sweet presence transfigures my life! I dream of you by night, I muse on you by day! This alone gives me courage to bear our continued separation."

"Oh, Horace," said the woman's voice, with fervor, "believe that my love for you equals yours for me!"

Mabel almost betrayed herself—nearly cried out that she was there—for the woman who had thus expressed her devotion to this stranger was no other than her eldest sister Caroline, who was so proud and cold, who held herself aloof from her younger sisters and from Dick, and set herself up as a pattern of perfection? She to meet a stranger secretly at this hour, and in this place!

Mabel longed to cry out, "Caroline, Caroline, what are you doing?" But fear held her spell-bound—the cry she attempted to utter died away on her lips—and then cold dread entirely overmastered her, and she remain silent, motionless, only longing to get away.

That was not to be just yet however. The stranger again spoke in honeyed accents.

"My own dearest love," he said, "when we are married—when those blissful days begin which will be to me the foretaste of Paradise, because I shall be ever at your side—then, then I will try in every succeeding moment of my life to show you how I worship you!"

"Horace," murmured Caroline, "you love me to well! Would that for your dear sake I was indeed as perfect as you think me!"

"You are more than perfect, my precious love!" he interrupted, with well-assumed warmth. "Listen! The time will come when I can go to your father."

"Are you sure, Horace?" she said anxiously. "For sometimes I think your hopes may be deceived, and that it would be better to speak to my father now. One must suffer where one really loves. He will refuse his consent, I know, but after I am one-and-twenty I shall be free to take a decided step for myself."

"Why should you suffer a year's persecution from your father, my own love? Even you have no expectation that he would consent to our marriage. I know him only through your description; he has never set eyes on me, nor have I on him. But it is plain that, unless I could go to him with my hands full of gold, he would never agree that you should be mine. What could a stranger urge to induce him to accept a poor son-in-law? And I am such a stranger that he has never heard my name—does not dream even of my existence."

Mabel's heart throbbed wildly. What was this man saying? What did he mean? Not know her father! Why, not half an hour ago they had been talking together, here in this very place, in closest intimacy!

"Horace," said Caroline earnestly, "if you and I are to be parted until you can go to my father with your hands full of gold, we must look forward to a long separation."

"Not so, my darling—the gold will be mine!" he responded, caressing her. "That thought alone supports me, for, my own love, I have sad news for you to-night. I have to go abroad for a few weeks. Will you undertake something for me?"

"Abroad, Horace?" she falted. "And I shall not see you for—how many weeks?"

"My angel, I will fly back to you! Shall I not count the moments till I hold your dear hands once more in mine?

She answered him through her tears, whilst he, murmuring words of fondest affection, besought her not to make their parting more keen than he could bear.

Then Caroline recovered herself, declared that she would show him an example of courage, and asked what he wished her to do for him.

"It is this, my darling," he said caressingly. "Take this little package which I leave with you with my name written on it, will you, and, if necessary, go up to London on purpose to leave it for me at its destination? Were it not that I shall be abroad, I would not beg this favor of you."

"Is that all?" said Caroline. "Why, Horace, I thought it was some impracticable thing you had to ask of me, and it is only that I should take this package to London! Why, of course I will do so! I would do anything for you. Here, at my uncle's, it will be easy for me to make an excuse that I want to go up to town for a day—indeed I should go without saying a word to him."

"Thank you, dear. You have saved me a world of anxiety by your kind promise. When we meet again, I will explain all about it to you, but to-night I can think of nothing but this unexpected separation. Oh, Caroline, the world has been a new world to me since I knew and loved you!"

"And to me—to me—since I knew you, Horace!" murmured Caroline tenderly.

Mabel shivered, though it was a summer night; but she said to herself that it was providential that she had overheard all this, for now she could enlighten Caroline and save her.

It seemed a long time to Mabel before her sister bade her lover adieu—so long that the girl wondered how she would manage to re-enter the house. But Caroline was in no haste to be gone; she lingered by her lover's side, and it was long after midnight before Caroline and her companion quitted the boat-house.

Then Mable—after a long agony of waiting which she underwent in order to assure herself that the dreaded stranger had had time to disappear—stole forth from her concealment, and found herself alone, with the moon shining above her and a great stillness around.

In a kind of frenzy she fled towards the sunk fence, stood once more in the garden, and crept across the lawn towards the front entrance. Though all her agitation she had grasped securely the box containing the files. With one hand she held this, with the other tried to open the hall door. But it was shut and fastened! There was no hope of Mab's re-entering till the maids were again astir.

The girl's heart sank lower. How had Caroline managed to get in? Had she entered by some window? Poor Mab went round softly to the side of the house, eagerly scanning the casements. But none were open—all the shutters were up, and Mabel was alone—outside!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ABOUT SLEEP.—The difficulties about sleep and sleeplessness—apart from dreams—are almost uniformly fruits of a perverse refusal to comply with the laws of nature. Take, for example, the case of a man who cannot sleep at night, or rather who, having fallen asleep, wakes. If he is what is called strong-minded, he thinks, or perhaps reads, and falls asleep again. This being repeated lays the foundation of a habit of waking in the night and thinking or reading to induce sleep. Before long the thinking or reading fails to induce sleep and habitual sleeplessness occurs, for which remedies are sought and mischief is done. If the wakeful man would only rouse himself on waking, and get up and do a full day's work, of any sort, and not doze during the day, when next the night came round his sixteen or twenty hours of wakefulness would be rewarded by a sleep of nine or ten hours in length; and one or two of these manful struggles against a perverted tendency to abnormal habit would rectify the error and avert the calamity. The cure for sleeplessness must be natural, because sleep is a state of natural rhythmical function.

THE Empress of Austria and Queen Olga of Greece, are said to be about the only reigning women in Europe who can be called beautiful.

Bric-a-Brac.

THIN AND STOUT.—A study of the condition of life of fifty-two centenarians showed as a rule the aged people were of spare build. Gout and rheumatism were, for the most part, absent. Long hours of sleep were notable among these old people, the period of repose averaging nine hours; out-of-door exercise in plenty, and early rising were noted among the factors of a prolonged life.

THE NUMBER OF STITCHES.—A Vienna tailor wagered recently that it took more than 40,000 stitches to make a winter overcoat. To decide the question a coat was ordered and a committee of experts sat to superintend the work, as well as to see that no unnecessary stitches were made. The result was announced as follows: Body of the coat, 4780 stitches; collar, 8063; sewing collar on, 1763; button-holes, 2520; sleeves, with lining, 980; pockets, 924; silk lining of body, with wadded interior, 17803; braiding, 2726; total, 39,619 stitches.

OF PAPER.—A piano with case made entirely of paper is a recent German production. As it is described, the color is a creamy white; the tone is reported to be characterized by sweetness rather than loudness, the sound emitted, unlike the short, broken note of the ordinary piano, being soft, full, and slightly continuous, somewhat resembling that of the organ. This modification of tone, which must be considered an attractive feature, is attributed to the evenness of texture of the compressed paper.

MAKING THIMBLES.—The process of making thimbles is described as follows: Bright new silver coins are reduced to ingots by melting in crucibles. They are then rolled into the required thickness and cut by a stamp into circular pieces of the required size. These circular disks are placed under a solid metal bar of the size of the size of the inside of a thimble, which, moved by powerful machinery, descends into a bottomless mould of the size of the outside of the thimble, and presses the metal into the desired shape at a single blow. The remaining operations of brightening, polishing and decorating are performed by means of a lathe.

MANNA.—Sicily is the chief source of manna; in that country the trees are cultivated in plantations, and when about eight years old they begin to yield. Cuts an inch and a half to two inches long are made in the bark, cutting through to the wood. One cut is made daily, beginning near the bottom of the trunk, with each succeeding cut about an inch above the mormer one. The thick, syrup-like juice exudes from the cuts and hardens on the bark into white spongy flakes, which when hard enough are removed and dried still further before they are packed for commerce. It consists mainly of a form of sugar called manite, and has mild, laxative properties.

THE "BOTTLE POST."—The inhabitants of a small group of islands situated to the south of Iceland, possesses a very curious method of communication in their so-called "bottle post." When it is "bottle weather," that is, when the wind blows from the south, and one of the islanders wishes to communicate with the mainland, he puts his letters into a well-corked bottle, and, to insure their delivery, he inserts at the same time a plug of twist tobacco or a cigar. The wind speedily impels the bottle to the shore of the mother island, where the people are generally on the lookout, who are willing to deliver the contents of the bottle in return for the enclosed remuneration.

IN SIAM.—Siamese women may not find their matrimonial lives altogether pleasant, but they at least possess one advantage that their sisters in more civilized countries are not ever likely to find among their rights. The native gentlemen, it appears, are allowed by law to sell themselves in payment of gambling debts, and a man who has thus disposed of himself, can compel his wife, if she be able, to redeem him, but when she has done so, he at once becomes her property, to be sold or retained as it may seem convenient to her. As the principle revenues of the government are derived from gambling-house licenses, the Siamese men must be all more or less in the possession of their wives.

HABIT A SECOND NATURE.—"Habit is ten times nature," the Duke of Wellington is said to have exclaimed; and the degree to which this is true no one can probably appreciate as one who is a veteran soldier himself. The daily drill and years of discipline end by fashioning a man completely over again, as to most of the possibilities of his conduct. There is a story, which is credible enough, though it may not be true, of a practical joker, who, seeing a discharged veteran carrying home his dinner, suddenly called out, "Attention!" whereupon the man instantly brought his hands down, and lost his mutton and potatoes in the gutter. The drill had been thorough, and its effects had become embodied in the man's nervous structure.

"IT is a pretty sight to see the young wife standing at the front gate of an evening, watching for her choice for life as he returns home from his labors of the day." Yes, and it's a lively sight to watch them both, as they sit down to the supper table, he jawing like thunder at the dried up and burned steak, which got that way from her standing at the front gate so long watching for his coming.

WHY is a quack like a locomotive?—Because he cannot go on without puffing.

LIFE'S SEASONS.

BY RITA.

In the spring-time birds are singing
  Matins to the sun,
And the joy bells, gladly ringing,
Happiness to earth seem bringing:
  Life has just begun.

In the golden summer hours
  Happy hearts and light,
Fragrant wild and blooming flowers;
Mossy banks and woodland bowers:
  Cloudless skies and bright.

In the russet autumn weather,
  Summer's glory o'er,
Flying madly hither, thither,
Leaves lie strewn on sun-browned heather;
  Hearts are light no more.

In the winter, cold and dreary,
  Snow-heaps drifting rise;
Shadows fall, dark-hued and eerie,
And the heart is weary, weary,
  Under clouded skies.

FOR LOVE OF HER.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LIKE UNTO A STAR," "BRUNA'S STORY," "A GIRL'S DESPAIR," "TWICE MARRIED," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXXII—(CONTINUED.)

"Mistaken?" Lord Dereham repeated mechanically.

"Yes, mistaken," the surgeon answered coolly and steadily, looking his visitor fully in the face with eyes which never quailed under the glance, so sad yet so proud, which met his own.

There was a silence during which the two men stood looking at each other across the table.

Doctor Blake had moved to the place where the earl had been sitting, and stood with his hand upon the chair he had occupied; the earl stood still by the table, proud and motionless, but pale even to his lips.

"You have said too much or too little," he said gravely. "Having said so much, Doctor Blake, you must say the rest."

"Does it need saying?" the surgeon said, with a sad gravity admirably feigned. "Have you not rather guessed it, my lord earl?"

"I have guessed nothing," Lord Dereham said, mastering his emotion by a strong effort. "I am waiting for you, sir, to give me the solution."

"You will not spare me then;" Doctor Blake said, still preserving a sad, grave dignity of manner. "However loath I may be to bring an accusation against one I honored and respected, you insist upon it?"

"I insist upon nothing," Lord Dereham replied quietly. "You have sent for me; you speak in mysteries; I only require an explanation."

"Here is one then," the surgeon said, as if forced to speak by the other's importunity. "You have searched England in vain for the wife who left you and whose beauty is great enough to make her remarkable anywhere. Why not try some other country, you may be more successful!"

"I do not understand you, sir," said the earl haughtily.

"Yet my meaning is plain enough," Doctor Blake said calmly. "When Mr. Arnold Graeme left England he left alone; it was not convenient for him to do otherwise, but since he did not die of the illness which was at first supposed to be fatal,—a mistake which made Miss Kinsley, Countess of Dereham,—would it not be as well to make sure that her ladyship's affection for her first lover was not great enough to induce her to join——"

"Sir!"

The earl's voice made him quail for a moment; the upraised hand would have struck him heavily on the craven lips, save that he caught it with his own.

"Nay," he said quickly; "you forced the words from me. Why should you strike me for saying, in your interest, what I firmly believe is the truth."

"The truth. It is a lie—a lie as black and foul as your own heart!" thundered the earl furiously. "If my wife—ah, that I should soil her name by uttering it in your presence—left me, it was because I was no longer worthy—I had never been worthy of her!"

"Doubtless Mr. Arnold Graeme was more so in her sight," said the other with a sneer which he regretted bitterly the next moment, for the earl sprang toward him and caught him by the throat.

"Coward!—liar!" the young man cried furiously. "Retract those words, or I'll choke them back in your throat!"

For a moment they wrestled furiously together; then suddenly the earl's hold relaxed he fell back a step or two, his arm sank to his side; they stood looking at each other with wild eyes, in which hatred and defiance gleamed.

The surgeon was the first to break the silence which followed.

"So your lordship repays intended kindness by blows and insults!" he said through his set teeth. "A generous return by my faith!"

"Kindness!" replied Ivor bitterly. "Had you intended me kindness, and your foul assertion been true, you would have kept it from me."

"Then you deem ignorance in such a thing bliss, and wisdom folly?" replied Blake, who had recovered all his calmness while the earl was still pale and shaken and greatly disturbed. "Be it so. You have only to forget the words I have spoken, uttered by so insignificant a person as myself, they can be of no moment; it is as if they had not been spoken."

He bowed and moved towards the door, but Lord Dereham made an imperative gesture, desiring him to remain. He paused and in the silence which ensued the earl struggled for calmness, and the mastery of the anger which filled his heart, and flashed in his dark eyes.

His darling, he thought fiercely, that her fair fame should have been traduced so foully by a man who was not worthy to speak to her, or to utter her name!

And yet—and yet—what motive could he have for so foul a lie? Could he know anything? It was impossible! He counted upon his belief that Maud had loved Arnold Graeme, but he did not know that it was gratitude, and not love, which had prompted her generous championship of the artist; that it was because he suffered for her brother's sin that she had interested herself in his escape, in his behalf. But——

But was that indeed all? Must she not have had, even as this man had insinuated, some strong reason for giving up her rank, her wealth, her husband? Aye, had she not?

Was it not because of his baseness that she had left him, because he had kept from her the fact that Arnold Graeme lived? Was not that reason enough? Yet——

Ah, how the thought which Ernest Blake had forced upon him haunted him now! How as he stood there in the barely-furnished room, it flitted to and fro in letters of fire, burning itself into his throbbing, aching brain.

Could it be that after all she had loved the artist best, and that when she left her husband she had gone to him. No, no! No, it was impossible. She; his proud, pure Maud!

He almost laughed aloud at the thought, and then it seemed as if his laughter must turn to the bitterest weeping. And Ernest Blake, watching him covertly, saw the struggle going on within the racked, tortured heart, and smiled to himself, because he believed that the thought, once admitted, would not be easily exorcised, and that what he desired might yet come to pass.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

"No more, no more, the autumnal shadows cry:
No more, no more, our failing hearts reply;
Oh, that our lives were come to that calm shore
Where change is none and fading is no more."

THE sweet, sad notes died away, the singer twisted herself round on the music stool, and peered into the little firelit room, of which the only other inmate was a slender woman in a close black serge gown standing by the window, with her face turned away from the singer and towards the street or rather square beneath.

The day was drawing to a close, the sun, which had been shining so cheerily when Lord Dereham's hansom stopped at the corner house with its red lamp and shining brass plate, had sunk to rest; the shades of evening were gathering over the quiet little square; already in many of the windows lights were gleaming brightly; in some of the lower rooms there was a pleasant ruddy light from a cheery fire blazing in the grate and in others there were only shadows of figures within, cast upon the lowered blinds.

The square itself was empty and deserted—it was hardly ever otherwise, save in the morning when the busy heads of the families were hurrying off to their offices, and in the evening when they were returning home.

The return took place in full daylight now, for the days were long, and had taken place quite an hour ago.

But in one of the little houses there was no morning departure and no evening return of a busy City man to enliven the womankind who dwelt therein.

True, two of the inmates went away in the morning and returned home in the evening after a hard day's work; but these were not portly business men or dapper City clerks, but two girls neither of whom had seen more than twenty summers.

The tenant of the house was Mrs. Willford, a respectable widow whose small annuity was not sufficient to keep her in idleness, but who found it ample when supplemented by her own and her daughter's earnings.

Caroline Willford was one of the two slim graceful girls who started early in the morning for her day's work in the City, where she was one of the quickest and most intelligent of telegraph clerks, and the other was a young lady who with a friend occupied the spare rooms in Mrs. Willford's house.

She, too, was busy during the day, and her duties were far more irksome, poor child, than Miss Willford's, for she was professor of music at a neighboring high school for girls, where, if she were well paid as women's labor goes, she worked hard for her salary and labored hard to instill some knowledge of the art she loved into her pupils.

She it was who had been singing the sweet sad words with which the chapter opens, and who, now rising from the piano came and joined the quiet figure at the window.

"How sad a song, Addie," said a pretty low voice with a strange pathetic intonation.

"Did you think so?" Adelaide Elmore said smiling. "I am sorry, Maudie, I always forget that you do not like doleful ditties."

"Do not I?" said the pretty sad voice, which sounded all the sadder because there was an attempt at playfulness about it. "I think you must be wrong, dear, for I am afraid I don't like any others."

"Ah, but sorrowful songs are not good for sorrowful people," said Addie gently. "And you are always so sorrowful, Maud, that I feel proud and glad when I bring a a smile to your lips."

"I am but a dull companion for you, dear."

"Nay, not dull," Miss Elmore answered quickly. "I did not say dull, Maud. My life has been so much happier since you came into it. I hardly know how I existed so long without any interest but my lessons."

"And your piano," Maud said smiling.

"Ah, yes, my piano; but though it seems to feel with me, it does not express its feelings as you do."

"You make it express anything you choose, Addie."

"Do I?" the girl said smiling, with a fond little glance at the piano, which had grown like a living friend to her in her loneliness. "I suppose it expresses different things to you and to me, Maud, at one and the same time. You see, dear, I have always been such a solitary little mortal. Uncle Ben was kind to me in his way, but he hardly ever spoke to me, and the servants were old and grave. He always told me," she continued, resting her pretty, shining brown head on the black serge sleeve, "that I should have to earn my own living, and I shall always thank him for giving me the means."

"But your work is irksome, dear," the other woman said gently, as she put aside the pretty clustering brown hair from the bright young face.

"Sometimes, not always, and now it is so pleasant indeed to come home to you! What should I do without you, Maud?"

"And I without you Addie!" Maud answered unsteadily. "How can I tell you from what you saved me that night when we first met? I was in despair! I hardly knew what I was doing. I was mad, I think—desperate!"

"Ah, what a fortunate meeting that was for me," Addie said quietly. "I was so lonely until I found my friend."

"And saved her life," Maud said in a low tone of pain; but the other girl put her hand softly to her lips and silenced her, and drew her away from the window towards the bright little fire, which the chilliness of the spring evening rendered acceptable.

"You have been out to-day, Maud?"

"Yes, dear; to Mr. Viner's."

"Were you successful?" asked Adelaide gently.

"He was out, Addie; but they gave me but little hope. The market is overstocked with such sketches as mine, they said."

"I did not think there were so many good artists roving about," said Addie dryly. "Mr. Viner will not say so, Maud."

"But if he should?" Maud said, in a low tone.

"Well, if he should, what then? We have plenty of money, Maud for a good time to come.

"You have, Addie."

"We have," persisted the little music mistress sturdily. "There, sit down by the fire, and I will play you into a happier mood."

She pushed her gently into an armchair, the only one the room possessed, stirred the fire into a blaze, and flitted back to the piano, and the next moment the room was flooded with such music as is not often heard in a small house in an east-end square of the great metropolis.

Lying back in the arm chair, her little hands loosely linked in her lap, Maud listened, almost forgetful for the moment of her sorrow and sadness, taken out of herself by the rich, sweet sounds which rose and fell in perfect harmony. The firelight fell full upon her wan, changed face; upon the sharpened outline of her cheek and its untinged pallor; on the golden hair drawn back from her white brow, on which the blue veins were so distinctly visible; on the coarse black serge gown, simply fashioned by her own deft fingers, made with a conventional plainness, and utterly devoid of ornament.

She was altered indeed from the stately young beauty in her glittering diamonds and lustrous satin who had excited so much admiration at the Duchess of Stratford's dinner-party a year ago.

She had spent that year in London; not for a day, not for an hour, had she left the great busy city where she was lost to all those who had known and loved her, and without effort she had baffled all the keen professional aid her husband had employed, all the still keener search which his love made for her.

When she had driven away from her home, she had no plans, no clear intentions in her mind. She had driven to Waterloo Station, and sent away her cab, but there had not been any thought in her mind of going to Berkeley; she had waited a few minutes there, and then, bag in hand, had left the station and wandered out into the busy streets under the spring sunshine.

For many hours she had walked without food or drink or rest; she was dazed and bewildered with misery, confused and distraught, unable to form any project, utterly lost and wrecked.

Thus it chanced that evening found her exhausted to faintness, with trembling limbs and faltering steps, in the neighborhood of Calton Square, and there Adelaide Elmore, coming home late from a school examination, had found her, leaning against the iron railings of the enclosure, but half conscious even of her own suffering.

And the busy little music mistress had paused in her quick walk, and gently questioned her, and led her without further hesitation to her lodgings, which were fortunately near at hand, and in her arms Maud had sobbed out some of her misery and loneliness; and Addie had watched her during the night, spent half in sleep, half in stupor, until dawn came, and with it fuller consciousness.

And then it was that Adelaide Elmore proved what a noble heart and mind were hidden under her pretty, bright exterior; for she asked no questions, and she gently refused the lame, tremulous explanation Maud offered.

They were both lonely, both friendless, she said, in her pretty, gentle voice, would Maud stay with her for awhile—until she were stronger and able to make other arrangements? And Maud had gladly yielded.

And although a year had gone by since that day, Miss Elmore knew but little more of her friend than she did on that first night when Maud had recovered from her semi-swoon, to sob out her heart on Addie's shoulder.

She had told her nothing of her past; she knew only that she was lonely, unhappy, suffering from some great grief, to which she never alluded; she suspected, perhaps, that the name, Maud Kingston, was an assumed one; that Maud's station in life was a lofty one she guessed from the exquisite lace on her garments, the costly equipment of her travelling-bag, the coronet on the gold-topped bottles and ivory-backed brushes, but she never hinted her suspicions.

Even of the wedding ring, which began to hang so loosely on Maud's wasted finger, she asked no explanation.

"Miss Kingston," Maud had called herself, and Addie Elmore was too proud, too high-minded, and too delicate to enquire more.

The girls had lived in truest friendship since that day. Maud's beauty and fragile appearance, and loneliness and sadness, all appealed to the kind professor's warm heart while, sad as Maud was, she could not fail to acknowledge the noble qualities and sweet disposition of the girl who had so generously befriended her, and who had given her—a stranger—home, and love, and kindness.

And Addie had given her love in fullest measure. To the independent, busy, little woman whose warm heart had hitherto found itself starved and empty, to have this beautiful, sad creature to tend and protect and care for, was a real source of happiness.

She was a new experience to Addie Elmore: this pale, tremulous, golden-haired woman, whose eyes were so full of yearning, whose smile was sadder, than tears, and about whom was such mystery; she was so sad, so sweet, so gentle, that Addie, although nearly two years Maud's junior, loved her with a love which had almost a maternal tenderness in it.

Living simply as they did, the girls found plenty of money in Addie's earnings and Maud's own. The money Lady Dereham had brought away with her had been spent during the first few weeks of her residence in London, before she had been able to give herself to any formal project for her own support.

But it was not very long before she tried the panacea of so many weary souls, work. It was not very difficult to decide on an occupation; she had but one talent which could be made available, and that was the art she had studied in the studio at Ivyholme, the art her brother had dabbled in, the art which poor Arnold Graeme had so loved.

How often in those summer days, when she toiled at the pretty little sketches for which for a while she found a ready sale, she thought of Arnold Graeme it was impossible to say.

He had been during that visit to Ivyholme, which had been so disastrous a one to him, so patient a teacher that she could hardly resume her painting without thinking of him; and her thoughts were very sorrowfully tender.

How he had suffered, she thought, how cruelly, and for her sake; and she had promised him a reward which she could not give him now, which could never be his! He had been cheated of it, cheated of it by the friend he had trusted, by the man she had sworn to love and honor.

At first her thoughts of her husband were strangely bitter ones. She felt only angry against him, bitter anger for his deception; her love for him seemed destroyed, and because in this one great thing he had been false, she could never trust him again! It was a bitter thought, whose bitterness at first seemed to increase day by day, that he should have deceived her!

But as the weeks went by, the bitterness and anger had died out of her heart, and only sorrow remained. The horror of his deception faded, and the memory of his great love came back; in all things save this one he had been so good to her, so loving, so tender, so careful, so devoted, and she had been so happy; and now life was so sad, and lonely, and colorless, so desolate without him.

It was well, indeed, that she was forced to work, otherwise health, and reason, itself, might have failed her, and she would have faded like a snowy wreath, or drooped and died like a broken flower.

There were times when she dared not think, lest her brain should reel; and there were others when the remembrance of his love brought the merciful tears which seemed to ease the throbbing of her brain and give her some transient relief.

And so the long weary year of separation had passed, and through it all she had no word of him, no tidings of her father, noth-

ing from her old life; for she knew Doctor Kinsley could not but condemn her for leaving her husband, and she dared not hold any communication with him. She had cut herself adrift from her old life completely.

Yet, as Addie's soft music rose and fell in the little sitting room which, plainly as it was furnished, Maud's artistic tastes had made pretty and homelike, that old life was ever present with her.

The quaint, soft German melody which filled the room with its sweet, sad refrain, had been a favorite with Ivor; they had heard it together at Florence, and he had made her learn it.

She remembered the pleasant evening well; they had been a week at Florence—it was about a month after their marriage—the room had been fragrant with violets, which she had bought in the earlier part of the day coming out of the Pitti Palace; it seemed as she listened that the fragrance of the violets was still present with her.

The scene was so distinct before her dreamy eyes, as she sat looking into the depths of the little fire, that when the door was quietly opened, it seemed to her that it must be her husband coming quietly in, as he had done then, to lead her to the window to listen to the quaint old German melody; she turned her head languidly towards the door, a tall, slender man was standing on the threshold, but it was not her husband. Maud's tired eyes, which looked darker and larger for the circle beneath them, darkened even more as she recognized Ernest Blake.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

DOCTOR BLAKE came quietly into the room with the air of an accustomed visitor; Miss Elmore glanced up at him with a smiling greeting, but finished the melody she was playing; Maud sat up in the big armchair and gave him a little cold hand which lay passive in his for a moment without returning the close warm pressure of his fingers.

She hardly knew, sometimes, whether the sight of him gave her most pain or pleasure; she was glad to see a familiar face in this great wilderness of London, but he reminded her so much of the past and of her dear ones at Ivyholme that the sight of him brought pain, too, in a great measure.

She was grateful to him that he had kept her secret. They had met by an accident, an ordinary everyday occurrence by which sometimes, some of the strangest things come to pass.

Addie had slipped upon the stairs and sprained her foot, the terrified maid had rushed for the nearest doctor, and when Maud looked up from her attempts to restore Addie, who had fainted from pain, she saw that Ernest Blake's eyes were fixed upon her with enquiry and surprise, and she was so unnerved as hardly to be able to entreat his silence.

She had seen him more than once during his attendance on her friend, and she had been touched by the delicacy he showed in avoiding anything likely to hurt or distress her in any way, and by the manner, grave and a little regretful, with which he had received her rather faltering explanation of her separation from Lord Dereham, and her desire that her whereabouts should remain a secret.

The surgeon himself felt that it must have been very painful to her to make this admission to him, but he received it without comment, saying simply that he regretted the necessity for such secrecy. Since then, however, he had been a tolerably frequent visitor, and Maud had begun to regret that they had met again, although at times there was a kind of relief in having some one near her with whom she could exchange a few words about the past—about her life at Ivyholme—not her married life, she never spoke of that; it was as if it had never been.

But if Ernest Blake asked no questions he managed cleverly enough to find out the real cause of the separation. A few words here, a few words there gave him a clue, and he guessed the rest; and as the days passed the mad passion he had formerly conceived for Maud returned in full force, and he felt as if he would do anything in the world to win some return from her.

She was lonely, he told himself, she had been betrayed, she had been angry enough with her husband to leave him and the wealth and rank and position he had given her; and in spite of Maud's former decided rejection of him, of the chill friendliness of her manner now, he had begun to hope that she might look on him less coldly. Besides her very friendlessness seemed to leave her in his power.

In that little household of women, she was absolutely defenceless, he thought, and she looked fragile enough to have roused the pity of any true-hearted gentleman as she held out her little slight hand in greeting to the man who, but a few hours before had foully slandered her to her husband.

He took it in his and leaned towards her.

"How are you this evening? Are you suffering? You look so white," he said gently.

"I am very well," she answered coldly, as she took her hand from his.

"Have you been out?"

"Yes."

"I am glad of that. You shut yourself up too much, and there is no need. I learned to-day that there is no need for such extreme seclusion."

She looked up at him with startled eyes; he met the frightened glance with a grave one; and turned from her.

"And how is Miss Elmore this evening?" he asked.

"Miss Elmore is flourishing," Addie answered gaily as she rose from the piano with a crash of final cords. "Is there any particular news to enliven us, Doctor Blake? We are tant soit peu dull this evening, and want cheering."

"I have none," he replied smiling. "Life is certainly not a very lively thing in this part of the world."

"I dare say it is quite as lively as in many others," Addie said lightly, as she joined them by the fire.

"As lively, for instance, as the lives of those great ladies I saw on their way to a drawing room at Buckingham Palace today?" he asked smiling.

"Oh, infinitely more so," laughed Miss Elmore "That must be a fearful corvee, as Mademoiselle Lemoine would say. Driving through the crowds, in a cold east wind, and then waiting hours before your turn to be presented comes. What an ordeal! I am rather glad to be exempt, are not you, Maud?"

Maud forced a smile, but she made no answer. Doctor Blake was looking at her with a significant glance.

"Perhaps the grapes are hung too high," Addie went on, laughing, "and that is why I call them green. Maud, would you not like some coffee? Would not you, doctor? Carried unanimously," she added gaily. "I will go and make it."

She flitted out of the room, and, as the door closed upon her, Maud turned eagerly to Doctor Blake.

"You have something to tell me?" she said rather faintly.

"What makes you think so?" he asked, smiling.

"Your face, and the words you spoke a moment since."

"What words?"

"That there was no need of such extreme seclusion," she said quickly, almost feverishly. "Does not that mean that Lord Dereham is not in London?"

"I have heard that he is not in London," he answered quietly. "Nay, more, that he is not in England."

"Not in England!" she repeated, staring at him, white now even to her poor quivering lips.

"No; he has gone abroad."

"He has gone abroad!" Maud repeated mechanically, feeling a sudden chill and faintness come over her.

"Yes," he answered gravely, and there was a little silence.

"Do you know where?" Lady Dereham asked then, tremulously.

"Cannot you guess?" he returned significantly, and Maud's eyes fell.

"To Spain?" she murmured faintly, thus giving Ernest Blake the information he needed.

"Yes, to Spain," he answered quietly, and Maud shaded her face with her hand for a moment.

"Maud," the young surgeon said, leaning forward, and speaking with extreme sadness and gentleness, "do you know that I have suffered to-day in your behalf? Do you know what I would have given to contradict what was said in my presence? Oh, my child, how cruel it is that you should be bound to one so unworthy——"

She flashed her proud, dark eye upon him with a passionate glance.

"Are you speaking of my husband?" she asked haughtily although her voice was trembling and unsteady.

"Yes, of your husband! Of the man who has betrayed you already, and who dares now to cast upon you the darkest stain which can rest upon a woman's reputation! Of the man who, not content with destroying your happiness, attacks your honor! Of the man who has left England to find his wife; and asserts loudly that he will find her with the man for whom she left him,—with Arnold Graeme!"

He spoke quietly, but with intense, suppressed passion in his voice. He had risen, and stood opposite to her, very pale but very calm.

Maud rose likewise, a slight, stately figure in her long serge gown. She was not pale now; there was a red spot in either cheek, a bright, angry light in her dark eyes which gave them back all their vanished lustre.

"It is not true," she said quietly but very proudly. "You are mistaken, Doctor Blake! Lord Dereham is incapable of such baseness."

"Incapable!" he echoed with a harsh mocking laugh. "I thought you had proved that he was quite capable of baseness, otherwise you would not, I think, have left him."

The color died out of Maud's face as swiftly as it had risen there; she was white as death as she stood facing him, for the truth in his words hurt her keenly.

That was what she had done by her flight from her husband's home; she had shown that she deemed him unworthy of her trust and confidence; she had made others regard him with contempt and distrust. She had not thought to do so; she generally found that in such a separation it is the wife who has to bear the blame—the husband is easily absolved, the wife is always condemned.

She had been selfishly anxious to spare herself shame, she thought. Her anger had goaded her to act recklessly and wildly, and he was to bear the blame of her folly. Others, perhaps, would say, as this man said, that his wife had found him unworthy of trust, unworthy of belief.

That was the thought that drained the color from her cheeks and lips, as she stood looking at Dr. Blake with steady, scornful eyes, not the insult which she said her husband had offered her. That she dismissed without a second thought.

Ivor had not thought for one brief moment that she had been false to him. It was not he who had said this thing. It was Blake himself, to serve his own ends.

"Lord Dereham is incapable of that which you accuse him!" she said, sternly. "It is not he who has made such an assertion, if such an one has been made. Such a thought would be impossible to him—quite impossible."

Dr. Blake was quick to see his mistake. He bowed gravely, with that air of sorrowful regret which he could so well assume.

"Your faith in him honors you," he said, gently. "It pains me to think that he has not the same trust in you."

"Why should he have?" she said, passionately. "Am I as good, as true, as noble as he is? Could I have acted as he acted—have done what he did for a rival?"

"Ah!" he turned sharply upon her. "You mean that he connived at Graeme's escape from prison. That is a creditable thing for a peer of the realm to do! I suspected it at the time but thought him too sensible to commit a felony. But now his wife has betrayed him, and when he comes back from Spain it will be to fall into the hands of justice. Even his earldom will not save him from punishment."

It was a threat utterly without foundation, spoken on the spur of the moment—a threat which he could not have carried out; yet it frightened the helpless, inexperienced woman who heard it. She began to tremble violently, and involuntarily caught at the back of the chair near her for support.

"I do not understand," she forced herself to say, steadily enough. "What do you mean?"

"I mean that his Lordship is in my power; that I will accuse him of the felony of assisting a prisoner to escape," he said, bitterly. "Maud, why should you suffer, why should you toil for your daily bread, when he is rich? You shall have your fair share of his wealth, but not the misery of his presence, since his presence is misery to you."

"You are mad," Maud said passionately. "What do you mean? His wealth,—do you think I would share his wealth if I do not share his life? Ah! you have opened my eyes to my selfish folly, to my sin. I dared to set myself up in judgment upon him, to condemn him for an action which, after all, was done for my welfare and happiness. I acted madly, wickedly. Thanks to you, I see that now."

He was looking at her in amazement; he had not thought to rouse such passion in her, he had not dreamed that she loved Lord Dereham; he would have had no scruples if by any action of his he could win her to look upon him with some favor, but his judgment had been at fault.

"Then when he goes to gaol you will share his disgrace," he said with a sneer.

"His disgrace; how can disgrace touch him?"

"It can, and must, if I denounce him as the man who helped Arnold Graeme to escape the punishment he so richly deserved."

He spoke with such conviction that Maud's heart sank within her with a terrible dread. Had he such power? Could he do as he said?

Her utter ignorance of the power of the law stood Ernest Blake in good stead just then. But ignorant as she was, she was brave to save the husband she loved.

"You are powerless," she said scornfully. "I defy you to hurt him."

"Take care," he said menacingly; "do not defy me. It is not wise, Maud.

His voice changed, she looked so beautiful in her anger, in her proud defiance of him, that his passion mastered the anger in him and sprang up paramount.

"It is not possible that you love him still, this man whom you have left, who deceived who betrayed you, who now insults your purity and stains your fair name with so foul a blot. See, he is in my power, and through you; but I will spare him, Maud, if you will have it so."

Her passion was dying away, her physical strength was of the smallest, and he had tried it sorely; she was leaning heavily on the back of the chair, her chin had sunk forward, her head drooped on her breast, the thin cheek was colorless as alabaster against the coarse black serge of her gown.

"If you will have it so, I will spare him," Ernest Blake continued softly. "He can never be anything more to you; you have left him forever. Be it so, dear, he was never worthy of you. But, Maud, you are lonely, sorrowful, poor. This life is killing you! Give me the right to take care of you,—so——"

The words died upon his lips at the look she gave him, but it was for a moment only. he resumed almost immediately.

"He will divorce you, he will be but too glad of the excuse, he has been seeking one ever since you left him. He has foully slandered you; if you went to him now he would spurn you with scorn, and tell his servants to turn you from his door. Maud; my darling, listen! I will be so good to you so tender——"

"Sir!" she turned to him erect and haughty, with the mien and gesture of an outraged queen; "I will believe that my husband has left England: were it not so, you would not have dared to insult me thus! But it will be the last insult I will suffer at your hands! Leave the room—and the house; I defy you to injure my husband! He is as much above your mean efforts at injury as the stars in the sky above us. Whatever his faults, he is at least incapable of insulting a defenceless woman, who had trusted him as a friend, as I have trusted you, to my sorrow and my undying shame!"

"Maud,—take care! He and you are equally in my power!"

"Do your worst!" she said passionately, pointing to the door with her outstretched right hand, which was as steady as if it had been carved in marble. "Only leave me! Your presence seems to taint the room, and for the love you profess for me I would prefer the cruellest hate."

CHAPTER XXXV.

WHEN Addie came back to the little sitting room with her coffee tray, she was somewhat surprised to find the doctor gone and Maud its only inmate, and something in her friend's appearance alarmed her so much that she put the tray down hurriedly and ran to her aid.

Maud was standing, drooping heavily over the back of the chair on which she leaned; several minutes had elapsed since Doctor Blake had left her, but she had not stirred save that her hand had fallen heavily to her side, and her head, held so haughtily erect while he was present, had sunk forwards and was drooping on her breast; and her eyes, wide open and dilated, were fixed upon the ground. Startled and anxious, Addie laid her little hand upon her arm.

"Maud," she said gently, "Maud."

There was no answer, it seemed as if her voice had failed to reach Maud's stunned senses.

"Maud, dear, what is it? Tell me," pleaded the little professor earnestly. "What has happened? Are you ill? Where is Doctor Blake?"

As if the sound of his name had galvanised her into life, Maud's great sombre eyes slowly lifted and rested on the eager anxious face bent over hers. For a moment there was no recognition in her glance, then slowly it changed; she shook off Addie's hand and shrank away from her, pressing both her trembling hands to her heart."

"Don't touch me," she said in her low tones, full of horror. "Don't touch me; don't come near me."

"Maud, what have I done? What is it?" Addie asked anxiously, wondering at the stricken, shocked look which had so terribly altered her face. "Tell me what it is, Maud."

But still Maud shrank from her, with her hands to her heart, and her breath seeming to come with difficulty from her pallid, parted lips.

"Don't touch me," she murmured. "I am not worthy, I am not worthy."

She had retreated from her friend until the wall stopped her; she fell against it, her breath coming in gasps, her heart throbbing to suffocation, her eyes full of anguish.

There was a minute's startled silence in the little room; Addie stood helpless and alarmed; she had never seen such terrible agitation; even on the first night they had met, Maud's anguish was not so terrible as this; her face had not worn this stony look of horror and shame.

It seemed to Addie that she could not bear such suffering long—that her strength must fail beneath it. And she was right. Hardly more than the minute had elapsed when Maud's weak hands fell helplessly at her side, her golden head sank languidly against the wall behind her; she tottered as she stood.

Miss Elmore ran to her side, and, putting her arm around her, guided her, unresisting now, to a chair. Maud sank heavily into it, her head fell on her friend's shoulder, and a low cry, terrible to hear in its anguish, rang through the room—

"Addie! Addie! Addie!"

It was a cry of despair and a cry for help at one and the same moment, and it went to Adelaide Elmore's heart. She felt that no common cause could have stirred her friend thus, and, while she wondered and was very, very anxious, she set herself to soothe her with all her true womanly courage and tenderness.

No tears came to Maud's relief. Tearless, terrible sobs shook the slender form in Addie's arms, and Addie could do or say nothing save hold her tenderly, and now and then stoop and press her lips to the white brow. At last exhaustion stilled the nervous paroxysms, and the beautiful head rested quietly on Addie's shoulder, the upturned face colorless as marble. For a few minutes she rested thus; then she feebly strove to disengage herself from the kind arms which held her.

"I am not worthy that you should touch me," she said, feebly. "Oh, Addie, let me go. I am not fit to be beneath your roof, to touch your hand. My place is at your feet dear. I, an honest man's wife, have listened to words of love from another, have borne his touch. The cup of my humiliation is, indeed, full!"

"Hush, dear, you talk wildly," Addie said gently; "if Doctor Blake has insulted you, the shame is his, not yours. Do not distress yourself so terribly."

"The fault was mine," Maud said wearily "the shame will be with me until I die! Addie" she lifted her great sombre eyes so full of anguish that Addie involuntarily closed her own to shut out the glance; which hurt her; "you are true and good let me tell you the story of my life, and then tell me what I should do. I cannot think calmly, I cannot judge, my heart seems broken."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He was an ardent and economical lover, and had been courting her three months. "When do you think, dearest," he said, as they sat near the moonlit window one evening, "that the moon appears at its best?" "I think," she replied, "that the moon always looks the loveliest when one is returning home from the opera."

AT many of the weddings lately French brides have adopted a fashion which is always followed by royal ladies in England—viz., to wear the veil off the face. They do not fasten it so often with diamonds, as in England, but two bands of orange blossoms now frequently keep it in place.

I AM GREAT AND YOU ARE SMALL.

BY P. T. G.

A sparrow swinging on a branch
Once caught a passing fly.
"Oh, let me live!" the insect prayed,
With trembling, piteous cry.
"No," said the sparrow, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

The bird had scarce begun his feast
Before a hawk came by.
The game was caught. "Pray let me live!"
Was now the sparrow's cry.
"No," said the captor, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

An eagle saw the rogue, and swooped
Upon him from on high.
"Pray, let me live! Why should you kill
So small a bird as I?"
"Oh," said the eagle, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

But while he ate the hunter came;
He let his arrow fly.
"Tyrant!" the eagle shrieked, "you have
No right to make me die!"
"Ah!" said the hunter, "you must fall,
For I am great and you are small."

FORTUNE'S HAND.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "STRANGERS STILL," "PRINCE AND PEASANT," "THE LIGHTS OF ROCKBY," "A WOMAN'S SIN," ETC.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

ONE week later Lady Pentreath has bidden Yolande "a last farewell," as she says, and gone back to Wales to die. The doctors can do nothing for her; they tell her so in effect, though they still allude to "remedial measures" and to "keeping very quiet." And Doctor Sutheley Smith is to "run down" to Pentreath Place in the course of next month. But the truth remains the same—she has gone home to die.

"And I have but two regrets, Isabelle," she says, discussing her condition calmly—she who used to exhaust the resources of medical skill at every fresh hypochondriacal fancy. "One, the greatest, is that I have not made a better use of my life and my opportunities."

"You have been good and kind and charitable, chere Comtesse," Isabelle protests earnestly, with something like honest emotion, while tears dim her eyes—"you have been patient and amiable and forgiving to every one!"

"I have been an unprofitable servant, Isabelle," the Countess says gravely, "and my few poor efforts to atone for wasted years I trust will be graciously received. If I had tried to comfort others, I should have been comforted myself. If I had tried to satisfy the afflicted soul, light would have arisen on the darkness of my lonely path. You must do better than I, Isabelle."

"What do you mean, Lady Pentreath?" Isabelle asks in a startled voice; crimsoning all over her face.

"You must do better with your time and your opportunities, and take warning by my wasted life," the Countess replies slowly and gravely, looking at her with surprise and scrutiny.

"I wish I was only one half as good as you, Lady Pentreath!" she says hastily, with a convulsive laugh, the deep color fading utterly from even her very lips.

The Countess makes no reply for several minutes. She lies on her sofa gazing at Isabelle, who tries in vain to seem utterly unconscious of it, with the same grave surprised scrutiny in her eyes.

"You must look to a far higher standard of goodness than mine," she says presently, in a cold reproving tone. "And, Isabelle, more will be expected of you. You have ten talents to my one. I am afraid I have hidden mine in a napkin for many a day; but what are you doing with yours? You have been a faithful friend and companion to me, I know, and I am grateful to you for it.

"Whatever were your motives that prompted you to devote your time and thoughts to me—whether from a sense of duty merely, or kindness of heart, or ambition—you have been both kind and faithful in your services, and I will try to reward you when I am gone. Would you like to know what I have bequeathed to you, Isabella, or would you rather wait until my will is read, after my funeral?"

"I don't want to know anything about it!" Isabelle answers, bursting into tears and sobbing agitatedly, for she is both ashamed and frightened. "I don't want to hear you speak about your death and your funeral; it cuts me to the heart! You are the best and kindest friend I have ever had in my life, and—and—I cannot bear to think of losing you! I want to stay with you always—as long as I live!"

There is again that curious meaning silence on the part of Lady Pentreath which disturbs Isabelle so. It is as if she guessed the secret yearnings of Bella Glover's worldly soul.

She smiles a little as she speaks again, a cold weary smile, but places her hand kindly on Isabelle's head as she crouches in a low chair with her face hidden.

"That is not quite true, my dear," she says gravely. "That life would not content an ambitious, clever woman like you."

And "ambitious, clever" Miss Glover is literally afraid to look up at the speaker. "They say that dying people see things clearer than they ever did before," she says to herself. "It must be so. No one could tell her, for no one knows; no, not even the 'belted Earl' himself. He doesn't believe I could really dare to aspire so high."

"I will tell you what division I have made of what I have to leave, Isabelle," the Countess continues; "and I speak in strict confidence to you, as I told you before, when I informed you that I had provided for you in my will. Lord Pentreath is not aware of the terms of my will."

"No," Isabella thinks; "if he were, I shouldn't be provided for. My Lord Lyulph would go down on his knees to his wife if he thought he could coax her to leave him all her money. I shan't pretend I know anything about her will, no matter how he cross-questions me. Pas si bete!"

"You told me you meant to benefit poor Captain Glynne and his wife in some way, dear Lady Pentreath," she says, with an humble innocent look of inquiry; "and I said I thought that was so good and generous of you," she goes on, smiling sweetly, as if she has not a selfish thought on earth. "I dare say that it was the loss of money that helped to separate them; and I think Dallas Glynne has been tolerably well punished by twelve months of hard work and poverty. And so I said to you when you asked my advice, chere Comtesse, that I thought it would be a good thing to try to bring them together again, and save poor Yolande from breaking her heart, dragging out a lonely miserable life, the slave of Lady Nora's worldliness and selfishness."

"Yes, you did," the Countess agrees, looking pleased; "and I thought it was kind of you, as I know you did not like Dallas Glynne. Well, Isabelle, I have left twelve thousand pounds, the interest of which will give him just about five hundred a year, the sum he was deprived of under the late earl's will. The principal is to be divided amongst his children, or to revert to Yolande after his death."

"Goodness me!" Miss Glover thinks. "I have paid Yolande well for that friendly greeting she gave me in Pentreath. I vowed I would do her a good turn for showing that Murray woman and her daughter how she regarded me. But I didn't think I was going to reward her so splendidly. What a generous creature I am! I shall certainly grow quite pious in the long run."

"And to you, Isabelle," Lady Pentreath continues, "I have also left twelve thousand pounds, and my dresses and few ornaments, and my Brussels lace. Lord Pentreath, under our marriage-settlement, inherits the rest of my fortune."

"Oh, my dear Lady Pentreath, how good you are to me—how generous and good!" Isabelle exclaims, having indeed a hard struggle to keep from crying again. For the bequest is a surprise, and a most pleasant one.

At the most she had not hoped for more than two or three thousand, or a hundred pounds annuity. And the jewels and the lace—why, they are worth hundreds more!

"I have put Mrs. Brett and some of the old servants down for small annuities," the Countess goes on, "and I have endowed a couple of hospital-beds, and given a few hundreds to some local charities; and that is all, Isabelle, except my diamonds. With the family jewels I have nothing to do—they are for the next Countess of Pentreath"—with a faint smile that quivers and dies on her pale lips—"but my own diamonds—the ear-rings and pendants and rings and bracelets—I have given them to Joyce Murray."

It is "Mordecai in the gate" to Isabelle Glover, even in the first flush of her new prosperity, to hear this.

"Indeed!" she says, striving to say it amiably, "This is a handsome gift surely, dear Lady Pentreath. I hope she will fully appreciate your goodness. Few women would have been so generous and—noble-hearted!"

A spasm crosses the poor faded sunken face of Lord Pentreath's wife at these words—she understands their meaning so well.

"She will know, Isabelle," she says at last, in low unsteady tones, "that I thought kindly of her at the last. I hope she will think kindly of me whenever she remembers me."

"I hope she will. She ought never to forget you, if she is capable of grateful feeling!" Isabelle remarks bitterly. "But for all that," she says within herself, "I'll make those the dearest jewels Joyce Murray ever wore! She will think them but a poor equivalent for the Pentreath family jewels, and the Pentreath family jewels, and the Pentreath coronet, which she thinks is just waiting for her to stretch out her dainty hand and take. But she never shall—never, as long as I live!"

Later on that same day, as the useful Miss Glover is busily writing business-letters for the Earl in her admirable, clear, neat calligraphy, while he signs them with an aristocratic and quite illegible scrawl, he—after some uneasy "hemming" and fidgeting—asks a question which has puzzled him very much these three days since the Countess and her companion returned from London.

"I say, Belle, what the deuce ails you?"

"Ails me?" Miss Glover echoes, pausing with her pen suspended, and a glance of cold surprise at her interlocutor. "I am quite well, thank you, my lord."

"Stuff!" his lordship says irritably. "You know well what I mean. You're in a deuce of a stiff and off-temper! What's the matter?"

"Nothing," Miss Glover replies calmly, "except that I have grown much wiser lately. Will you sign that and hand me over those account-books?"

His lordship does as requested, scrawls his name viciously, and then looks at Isabelle again under scowling brows, which relax as he gazes at her.

Isabelle is looking extremely well. She is elegantly and artistically dressed as usual in soft black laces and trailing diaphanous draperies, with gleams of rich salmon-hued satin in knots of ribbon and half-revealed folds and linings.

She is wearing some simple but fashionable jewelry too—silk coils of gold on her white arms, and a pendant of pink coral and gold resting on her fair neck, modestly veiled in rosy tulle. But, above all and beyond all, there is a difference from anything that Lord Pentreath has ever seen in her.

It is not that she is cold and formal—she has often been that at odd times when displeased with him—but there is now a cold dignity, a quiet hauteur and gracious civility, and an independence of tone and glance that bewildered him. "Belle" has suddenly blossomed into a grande dame. "And, 'pon my honor," the peer says to himself, with a grin, "no one would know that she wasn't to the manner born."

"Come, Belle, you mustn't be stiff with me," he says, going round the table and touching her pink cheek familiarly.

Miss Glover lays down her pen deliberately and rises from her chair.

"You forget yourself, Lord Pentreath," she says haughtily—and he quails beneath her flashing eyes. "I am not Joyce Murray!"

"Why—why the deuce do you inform me of that fact?" Lord Pentreath retorts, stammering with wrath. "I suppose I'm aware of it without your telling me. You're as jealous of her as can be!"

"I jealous of Miss Murray?" Isabelle Glover asks, with frigid scorn. "Jealous of what, pray? Her reputation?"

"Don't you meddle with Miss Murray's reputation!" he responds fiercely.

"Mustn't I? It is very fragile, I suppose?" she retorts calmly. "It ought to be from the severe handling it gets."

"From whom?" his lordship snarls, his face lividly red. "From you?"

"Oh, dear, no!" Belle replies, with a careless smile. "I am not a married woman. She hasn't injured me that I am aware of."

"She has injured no one—no one!" he declares violently. "It's a shameful falsehood to assert anything of the kind! You and that Dormer girl have trumped up some story between you. She is jealous of that conceited selfish donkey she married, and is ready to sacrifice any innocent woman's character to her spite!"

"Who is making wholesale accusations now, I should like to know?" Miss Glover says with a cool provoking smile. "Falsehood, conspiracy, jealousy, conceit, selfishness, and spitefulness, all arrayed against the spotless innocence of one guileless girl—how tragic! Did you ever read Æsop's fables, Lord Pentreath? There is one about the terrible job a certain man set himself when he went to wash a blackamoor white."

"It's easy to see who set all this slander afloat!" Lord Pentreath says, his small sunken eyes fairly glaring. "You are jealous of my friendship for her, and of my taking a little interest in her affairs, poor girl!—without one in the world to advise her or help her—and you haven't an atom of right to presume to be jealous," he adds in a low dogged tone.

"Of course I haven't; I have just said so," Isabelle responds cheerfully. "I am not a married woman; therefore she has had no chance of wronging me."

"Joyce has wronged no married woman! How dare you say so, Belle?" he exclaims agitatedly.

"You are speaking from your point of view, my lord," Miss Glover says gravely, unmoved, and continuing to add up a column of figures; "but the wife who is robbed by a pretty rival of her husband's time and attention and thoughts, and such attention as men ever do bestow on their wives, and who knows this pretty rival is waiting—actually waiting, and pledged to wait—until death or dishonor breaks the marriage fetters and sets the husband free—this wife, I say, is apt to consider herself bitterly—shamefully wronged."

CHAPTER XXXIX

Lord Pentreath rises to his feet visibly disturbed, changing color, and looking both enraged and frightened.

"You are an audacious woman to speak to me so!" he says haughtily, but in an unsteady voice. "It is a vile attempt to slander Miss Murray and me, while sheltering yourself under Lady Pentreath's protection. You think you are sure of her partisanship!"

But Miss Glover rises too, laying down her pen and closing her account book, whilst she gazes at him with such dignified reproof and amazement that the Earl of Pentreath feels "mean," as we Americans say, to a most disagreeable degree.

"You are making an extraordinary mistake, Lord Pentreath," she says in severe tones, in which anger and sorrow are admirably blended. "I made no allusion to you and my loved and honored friend Lady Pentreath. I scarcely understand your extreme indignation"—with a cold smile—"even for the sake of your friend Miss Murray. Now I see what a vile suspicion, as you truly called it, you considered me capable of entertaining. Your own guest in your own house—a relative and trusted friend of your high-minded, noble-hearted wife! How could you imagine I would believe anything so base?"—and Miss Glover closes her eyes as if almost overcome with emotion. Opening them presently, she says briefly, as if too agitated to pursue the subject further, "I alluded to another husband and wife when I spoke, Lord Pentreath."

"Well, I suppose it is that conceited fool Dallas Glynne and his wife that you do mean to allude to," growls his lordship, looking down sullenly. "Not that I can see what affair of yours that is either, Miss Glover. And, mind you, I'll believe no statement—not if it were sworn to—that emanates from Dallas Glynne's infernal vanity!"

"Swear to an emanation of Dallas Glynne's infernal vanity?" Isabelle echoes, with a cold scornful little laugh. "As if you could suspect me of the folly of swearing to anything but a plain, undeniable, incontrovertible fact!"

"What is it?" Lord Pentreath asks; and for so exemplary a person he uses some rather strong expressions. "I wish you'd say out plainly what you have to say. I hate stabs in the dark!"

"Why will you bring your name into the question, my lord?" Miss Bella asks, with mild reproach. "I repeat I was alluding to a fact when I referred to another person, not a faithful honorable gentleman like Lord Pentreath, but a faithless good-for-nothing husband of a trusting fond young wife."

"Well, what's your fact? I want to know what this fact is that you're making so much of?" he demands, with fierce suppressed irritation, conscious that Isabelle's keen eyes are watching every change in his face.

"A proof and a pledge that what I have just alleged of Joyce Murray is substantially true," she replies quietly.

"That she is pledged to Dallas Glynne, to remain single for him or to wait till his wife dies? Do you expect me to believe such a ridiculous lie as that?" his lordship demands rudely.

"It is not such a ridiculous lie as it seems," Isabelle rejoins quite unmoved. "Wives do not die sometimes before their husbands Lord Pentreath. But, in the case of a very young wife like Yolande Glynne, it was rather a hopeless prospect. Miss Murray began to think so herself lately—within the last six months—and to see more material advantages than waiting for years or for ever for her lover. Indeed I think she will be very glad to have her pledge back again."

"It's false! It's a tissue of falsehoods from beginning to end!" his lordship cries savagely.

"Oh, no, it is not!" Isabelle persists calmly to the last. "Dallas Glynne himself taunted you with the truth of my assertions in this very room—you may remember? You said then you wanted proof of his words—have you forgotten? And I told you I would get the proof that he had not told you a boastful lie. I tell you now I can, as a fact—a very hard fact, I may say," Miss Glover adds, with a sarcastic quiver of her lip, indulging herself in a private jest.

"Well, what are your proof and your fact and all the rest of it?" Lord Pentreath asks in a low surly tone. "One would think you were unravelling the plot of a melodrama!"

"All in good time," says Isabelle coolly. "The next time you and I get an opportunity of having a quiet talk, Lord Pentreath, I will tell you all about it. Until then you must take my word for it."

"I will do nothing of the kind," he declares.

But Isabelle Glover takes no notice of his incivility, and with a slight bow she retires from the room, and leaves his lordship to digest her words at leisure.

By that evening's post she writes to Lady Nora Glynne, and the letter contains a crossed cheque for twenty-five pounds; and by the same post Miss Glover writes to "John Carter, Esq., Jeweler and Pawnbroker."

"For there's no knowing what chicanery my Lady Nora might not attempt to keep possession of money and goods too, if I didn't tell her," she says, with a malicious smile. "John Carter is an honest man, but I'm afraid Lady Nora—Carter—will never be an honest woman."

Two days later a tiny registered parcel addressed to Mademoiselle Gautier arrives by the afternoon post at Penreath.

"My little pearl brooch that I left to be repaired in London," she explains to the Countess, calmly putting it into her pocket.

But, when mademoiselle opens the tiny parcel in her own room, and locks the little morocco case away in her own cash-box, the "little pearl brooch" has become transformed into a ring of fine sapphires and diamonds.

* * * * * *

The next morning, after she has sent off the ring and got the cheque cashed, Lady Nora Glynne goes out shopping.

"For I had better get everything I can as quickly as possible," she tells herself prudently. "I see plainly I can expect nothing from that girl's narrow-minded absurdity."

Yolande's "narrow-minded absurdity" means that on Lady Nora's informing her that morning of her intended marriage with Mr. Carter, and the consequent pressing necessities for a trousseau, poor Yolande dismayed at both pieces of news, has not unreasonably asked her where the money is to come from.

Her own private resources, of which Lady Nora has always had the lion's share, are nearly exhausted, and she steadfastly refuses to increase the household expenses in the present state of her uncle's affairs.

"It would be sheer dishonesty, Lady Nora, until every creditor is paid every shilling due to him," she says firmly; and Lady Nora feels as if she could beat her for this speech and the resolute light in her pure honest eyes.

Not unreasonably also Yolande has delicately hinted that, considering the bills that have been paid for lingerie and milli-

nery, for gowns, boots, and bonnets, to tailors, dressmakers, jewellers, stationers, and perfumers, during the last year—while she has had the privilege of Lady Nora's companionship—Mr. Carter's bride cannot want a quantity of new clothes very badly. This statement Lady Nora resents bitterly, as an unfeeling, insulting reminder of her circumstances.

"If I had been as well off as I ought, I should scarcely have reminded you of the expense of your wardrobe while you stayed with me!" she says scornfully. "It is well I have provided myself with another home, though I never wished nor intended to marry again!"

But Yolande who has become pretty well used to her ladyship's taunts, only quietly takes out her cheque-book.

"We may as well look our circumstances in the face, Lady Nora," she responds. "We were rich once—we are poor now. There is only my income left to support the whole household. Say what I shall write for you, dear; and please pay ready money for everything."

"I must try to do with a hundred pounds," Lady Nora answers, with the air of a martyr.

"I cannot possibly spare you more than fifty," Yolande says, flushing, but determined, and writes a cheque for that amount and gives it with a kiss. "I would make it five hundred with far more pleasure if I could dear," she adds earnestly.

Lady Nora sulkily takes the fifty and spends it in an hour, and runs up a bill for fifty pounds more, and then with a very good appetite goes to luncheon in a fashionable restaurant.

Outside, as she rustles across the sunny pavement in her dainty morning costume of black-and-white silk, her flashing jet and cloudy laces, to step into her carriage, she comes face to face with her son Dallas.

He looks thin and ill and haggard, and Lady Nora recognizes with a shock of dismay that there is even an air of shabbiness about his well brushed clothes. He certainly looks the reverse of happy and prosperous.

"I know he is dreadfully hard up. I am quite certain he is going to ask me for money," she thinks angrily.

Her presentiments are almost correct. Dallas puts her into the carriage, and then stands with his hand on the door.

"May I drive a little way with you, mother?" he asks coldly, after waiting a moment in vain for an invitation. "There are a few things about which I wish to speak to you."

"Certainly, my dear boy," Lady Nora replies with a frown.

He does not speak until the carriage is bowling smoothly under the trees by the Serpentine, and then he says quietly—

"Will you let me have that ring back mother—that diamond and sapphire one which you asked me for when you lent me twelve pounds last March?"

"I—I can't let you have it now—at once, I mean," Lady Nora stammers, flushing. "It is quite safe, but—I had to raise some money on it myself, Dallas. I wanted it very badly; and you know I have scarcely anything—only what Yolande gives me."

Dallas glances at the luxurious carriage, with its dark-brown linings and brown silk rug with monogram in gold, at Lady Nora's fresh crisp silks and costly laces and sparkling ornaments; and he thinks "only what Yolande gives" is given in lavishly-generous measure indeed.

"It is quite safe—perfectly safe, I assure you, Dallas," she repeats nervously, as Dallas sits silent.

"I am sorry you let it go out of your own keeping," he says in a hard cold tone. "I gave it to you because it was the only thing of value in my possession, and you had been told I had it, and seemed to wish for it as security for the money you lent me. I had no right to trust anyone with it when the ring was not mine; but I thought I could trust my mother at least to keep it safely."

"Not yours!" Lady Nora gasps. "Dallas!"

"No, not mine," he answers curtly and sternly. "It is Joyce Murray's ring, as you know, and she and I exchanged rings one day—a sort of sentimental jest—a piece of a sordity which I have paid dearly enough for! I meant to return it to her as soon as I could pay you the twelve pounds you lent me," he continues, looking straight before him, and speaking in a hard repressed tone of smothered anger. "I can't do that now, as I am almost penniless. I have been ill, and I am out of a situation, and until my friend Daville comes over from the States I have no prospect of one. But I thought that in any case you would let me have the ring back so that I might return it to the owner. How much did you pledge it for?"

"Ten or fifteen pounds. I forget what it was exactly," Lady Nora answers confusedly, wondering distractedly what she shall do, and what she shall have to pay Isabelle Glover to get the ring back again. "She gave me forty-five pounds for it—twenty on that evening she called to see me, and twenty-five by that cheque," she thinks affrightedly. "She'll make me pay fifty or sixty pounds for it at the very least! What shall I do?"

"Well, I suppose, mother, since you are so bad off," Dallas says, looking at her with gleaming eyes and a pale hard haughty face, "I must not dare to ask you to spend ten or fifteen pounds on getting it back again. Will you however give me the pawnbroker's ticket for the ring?"

"I—I will. That is—I haven't a ticket. It was money lent me by a friend," Lady Nora stammers, flushing, and growing angry as a last resource. "I tell you the ring is perfectly safe, and as soon as I can I will get it back for you. I wish to mercy I had never seen the thing! I had no idea, I am sure, that you would pounce on me in this manner for it!"

"It is exceedingly unpleasant when we are reminded of our wrong and foolish deeds, I know well," Dallas says gravely and bitterly. "That ring has carried ill luck from the very first. I won't trouble you any longer with my company, mother. I dare say I am making a nuisance of myself. Please tell them to put me down at Albert Gate."

"You are displeased with me, of course," Lady Nora says mournfully, shaking her head with its little jet and gold bonnet, and looking up into her son's face with her most persuasive tender look and a deep fluttering sigh. "Dallas dearest, if you knew all, you wouldn't be. I did wrong to part with the ring even in a time of necessity; but I will get it back for you as soon as I can—I will indeed! And—and do you want a little money now, dear?"

"Surely you cannot spare anything from your 'necessities,' mother!" he retorts, with a slight contemptuous smile, while he touches the check-string.

"Yes, I can, Dallas," Lady Nora says eagerly—"a little, you know! There, dear!"—and she pushes a five-pound note into his hand as he gets out of the carriage.

"No, thank you," he says coldly, pushing it back again. "By-the-bye, I have not asked you—how is Yolande?"

"Oh, she is very well!" Lady Nora replies briefly, biting her lip uneasily while she looks at him. "You know Mr. Dormer has been very ill, don't you?"

"No, I have heard nothing about them," her son answers curtly.

"But you saw Yolande?" Lady Nora asks in surprise, but feeling her way cautiously.

"Yes, I saw her," Dallas says gloomily.

"And you have heard from her of course?"

"No; I have not heard from her of course," he replies, with a cold smile. "Good-bye, mother. Give my regards to my wife"—with another cold faint smile—"that's as near as a penniless husband ought to come, isn't it?"

"But, Dallas," Lady Nora exclaims, holding his hand, but still feeling her way very cautiously, while a comfortable assurance dawns upon her that a very convenient mistake or misunderstanding has taken place somewhere or somehow.

It would be extremely awkward and inconvenient, to say the least of it, if Dallas returned to his wife now in the present horribly disturbed state of affairs—the house about to be given up, the family leaving town, Yolande with the care of those two old people on her hands, very little money for a great many needs, and Lady Nora's own marriage about to take place immediately with a man of whom her son has never even heard—a marriage he is sure to disapprove and be displeased at, and concerning which he will ask all manner of awkward questions.

How very much better then if he knew nothing about it until it was all over; and, when this wretched smash-up of Mr. Dormer's affairs were all arranged, and Yolande and the old people quietly settled down in that little place in the country, how very much more comfortable it would be for poor Dallas to rejoin his wife and her relations then than now!

But still she must not do anything treacherous or unfair, Lady Nora tells herself—anything which would be brought up against her afterwards.

"But, Dallas, my dearest boy," she says in her sweet maternal fashion, caressing his arm with her dainty hand in its long shining black glove "surely Yolande has written to you? I am sure I heard her speak of doing so a few days after she saw you!"

"No, she has not written to me," he declares drawing away his arm from the dainty maternal touch. "But I dare say her time is very fully occupied. Perhaps"—with an icy tone in his voice—"when the season is over and she is quite at leisure she will write; she knows the address. You are all going abroad, I suppose?"

"He doesn't know a syllable about the failure; and what good would it do to tell him now?" Lady Nora thinks. "He has trouble enough of his own, poor boy!"

"I am going abroad, dearest," Lady Nora says softly—"going to Switzerland, I think with some friends." "I can write from there and tell him all about it. That will be much the better way," she decides instantly. "I believe Yolande is going into the country as soon as her uncle is able to leave town," she adds aloud. "I shall tell Yolande I met you—may I, dear?" she asks timidly. "And, Dallas, my dear boy, you must take this trifle from me—you must indeed, to please me; and some day I hope to do much more for you. I mean to try to help you, my poor boy!"

There are even tears in Lady Nora's bright eyes, she feels so tender and self-sacrificing just at this moment. But her son puts the crumpled note back on her lap very decidedly, and touches the little black-gloved dainty hand with his lips.

"Thank you, madre mia," he says, with a little of his old graceful pleasant manner—"I said I would not, and I will not. Good-bye again. Of course you may tell Yolande you met me, if she cares to hear of me."

He raises his hat, and his bright tawny close cropped hair gleams in the sun, and with a smile of adieu he disappears in the crowd.

His mother has let him go—"almost penniless," as he said, homeless, friendless—back into the depths of absolute poverty, battling for his daily bread, a unit in the great army of London toilers. His mother has left him go without one effort to save him from it. The carriage drives on, but Lady Nora bursts into tears in the shadow of her huge satin-covered lace-flounced parasol.

"Poor boy!" she says, sobbing a little. "To think of my having to see my own son, a dear handsome fellow, well bred, well educated, a perfect gentleman in every way, brought down to actual poverty by those abominable Pentreath people! It is absolutely heart-breaking," and, maternal affection having thus asserted itself, Lady Nora dries her eyes, adjusts her little gold-beaded veil, and bows and smiles sweetly at a passing acquaintance.

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On Lady Nora's return home, she finds Mr. Carter waiting for her; and the worthy man—for he is a worthy man—is already on the friendliest terms with Miss Dormer, who is knitting away busily, and talking to him while she knits.

Delighted indeed he is to discover poor Miss Keron's homely presence in the midst of the aristocratic atmosphere that surrounds his titled fiancee, whom honest John Carter, jeweler, gold and silver smith, and pawnbroker—a very wealthy and respectable man of plebeian antecedents—regards with most slavish reverence and admiration.

"For you know, my dear fellow," he says in strict confidence to seven or eight intimate acquaintances during the last few days, "I don't mind saying to you that I never thought of marrying into the Peerage!"

With a keen look one very intimate crony indeed ventures to ask him a question.

"That's all very well, Carter, but what's the set-off? What's on the debit side?"

"Nothing, sir—nothing!" Mr. Carter replies boldly and proudly. "An Earl's daughter, an Earl's son's widow, a beautiful amiable woman, and one of the most elegant high-bred ladies that ever drove in the Park!"

"By jove, Carter, you're a lucky man!" the confidential crony says solemnly.

"I am a lucky man!" honest John Carter agrees, with a glow of loyal triumph.

And, fresh from thus casting down the gauntlet for his "ladye faire," as faithfully if not as romantically as a mediæval knight could have done, John Carter comes a-wooing with a costly bracelet set with cat's-eye and diamonds in one pocket, and a cheque for two hundred pounds and a marriage-settlement ready for signing in the other.

Something like a lover! Lady Nora thinks so, and feels almost satisfied with her future husband. She accepts the cheque with an airy grace of indifference when honest John mutters something about "a little ready money, Lady Nora, my dear," and admires the bracelet, and hears him read the terms of the marriage-settlement—which gives her five hundred a year pin-money and provides for her handsomely if she survives him—with calm attention.

"I—I—hope you are satisfied, Lady Nora?" he says nervously. "I did what I thought was just and fair. The children of my first marriage, you know—I didn't want to make them jealous——"

"Oh, dear, no—not on any account!" Lady Nora interrupts graciously; and then she smiles sweetly, and taps the enraptured John on one of his big red ears, comparing herself mentally to Titania as she does so. "I think you are very good and generous, my dear fellow. But you were always that"—with a deep sigh and cast-down eyes. To herself she says with confidence, "I can dress as I please and spend money comfortably. He will never refuse to pay any moderate bills beyond my allowance."

Mr. Carter, thinking painful thoughts are here, interposes hastily.

"Indeed I wasn't generous," he says, his honest face reddening with emotion, "for I fell head and ears in love with you the minute I laid eyes on you, Lady Nora, my darling! So there wasn't much generosity in my looking over that mistake, though it was a sad one," he adds in a low tone, "and a thing I'm sure you wouldn't have done for worlds the minute after you had done it! And—don't ever speak of it again, dear; I can't bear to think of it!"

"Nor can I," Lady Nora rejoins meekly, looking up at him very innocently. "I must have been mad, you know—mad with trouble and worry, and the debts of my poor boy to pay, and—oh, I couldn't tell you all!"

"Yes, dear, I'm sure of it," says honest John.

But for that hateful Lord Pentreath and that more hateful Isabelle Glover, she might now comfortably bury the very memory of that past deed, Lady Nora reflects with angry impatience, one of the most foolish and dangerous things she has ever done amongst many foolish and dangerous ones.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DARWINISM certainly receives a strong support of what we hear of the hairy family of the ex-King Theebaw, of Burmah, is true. They are going to Europe to be exhibited, and no doubt our famous American showman will not lose sight of them, as an addition to his many wonders. It is said the family have been renowned in Burmese history for many years, and the present members, a mother and son, form the fourth generation known. The mother, Maphon, is sixty-three, quite blind, and usually sits motionless on a platform, occasionally fanning herself, and speaking in a low, sweet voice. She was seen and described by Col. Yule when on a mission to the Court of Ava in 1855. Save her hands and feet she is covered with long, soft hair, like her son, Mo-po-ein, who is covered even to the drums of his ears, the hair in some places being five inches long.

Scientific and Useful.

MOTHS.—Whole cloves are now used to exterminate the merciless and industrious moth. It is said they are more effectual as a destroying agent than either tobacco, camphor or cedar shavings.

GLUING.—In gluing wood, it is asserted by competent authority, bad work is produced by applying glue to both surfaces. A good job is secured by applying the glue hot, but not extremely so. One surface, should be heated at the stove, but should have no glue upon it. By this method the glue will permeate the wood and bind the surface together more firmly than nature binds the fibres.

HINTS.—Iron blocks may yet be used with advantage for street paving instead of stone or wood.—An excellent remedy for hiccough for young and old is granulated sugar moistened with pure vinegar. For an infant, give from a few grains to a teaspoonful.—Put five drops of chloroform on a little cotton or wool in the bowl of a clay pipe, then blow the vapor through the stem into an aching ear, and instant relief will be afforded.

KEROSENE.—Manufacturers of kerosene oil say that all lamps are safe with good oil, and that the quality of oil can be ascertained by the following test: Take a pint tincup, fill it nearly full of water warmed so that an ordinary thermometer immersed in it will show 120°, pour a small quantity of oil on the water, stir it a little, then pass a lighted match quickly but closely over the surface of the oil once; if it ignites the oil is unsafe. If purchases be made of from three to five gallons at a time and this test be made people can protect themselves.

WARTS—It is now fairly established that the common wart, which is so unsightly and often proliferous on the hands and face, can be easily removed by small doses of sulphate of magnesia taken internally. Several children treated with three-grain doses of Epsom salts, morning and evening were promptly cured, a woman whose face was disfigured by these excrescences, was cured in a month by a drachm and a half of magnesia taken daily. Another medical man reports a case of very large warts which disappeared in a fortnight from the daily administration of ten grains of the salts.

A NEW BULLET.—A German chemist has invented a new kind of anæsthetic bullet, which he urges, will, if brought into general use, greatly diminish the horrors of war. The bullet is of a brittle substance, breaking directly when it comes in contact with the object at which it is aimed. It contains a powerful anæsthetic, producing instantaneously complete insensibility, lasting for twelve hours, which, except that the action of the heart continues, is not to be distinguished from death. While in this condition, the German chemist points out, the bodies may be packed in ambulance wagons and carried off as prisoners.

Farm and Garden.

FOWL-KEEPING.—Fowls thrive best in moderate companies. A stock of fifty head of fowls is likely to yield a greater proportionate profit than one of five hundred. Poultry-keeping is, in fact, the ideal of a poor man's industry.

THE MANURE HEAP.—There is no better savings bank on the farm than the manure heap. It is a receptacle upon which every ounce of waste material may be placed, and the daily savings if small accumulate into valuable deposits in the course of twelve months.

STOCK.—When purchasing pure-bred stock, give the preference to those breeds best adapted to the soil, climate and facilities of the farm. It will not do to suddenly transfer an animal from a luxuriant pasture to a barren hillside. Good breeding is important, but the best of breeds will fail to give satisfaction unless kept under proper conditions.

HEIFERS.—Two and a half years of age is young enough for a heifer to become a mother, unless under unusual and exceptional circumstances. But even when the heifer has attained what may be called a reasonable age her first two or three calves will not be reared by an intelligent dairyman, for her character and habits are not yet sufficiently developed to indicate her value as a breeder for the dairy. If, after that, the decision is favorable, rear the calves; if not, secure a better cow in her place.

CUTTINGS.—Cuttings taken from the fresh growth of a plant strike best. It is better to break off a branch of a geranium or verbena than to cut it (if it breaks readily.) Cuttings of roses, heliotrope, etc., will grow better if taken off at the junction of the old and new wood, and should be cut off just below a joint or bud, as the roots start from that point, and if a bud is not left near or close to the base, the cutting is liable to decay in the soil.

SOME of the most peculiar people to be found are those who are "the best fellows in the world when they are sober," according to the common report. The peculiarity about them is that you never meet them when they are not under the influence of liquor, and you do not meet them then if you can avoid it.

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Beyond the Present.

Man is too prone to regard in a material way only what is present. Whether it be light or gloom, flower or frost, summer or winter in the Now of his life, he rarely looks beyond.

Still it is good for the heart and mind to do so. Let us take the season about us. Winter, cold, snowy and uncomfortable, with all that this implies. The grass unseen, the birds absent, the trees cold and dead. What! Talk not to the trees of death while their roots are still striking downwards into the silent, dark "beyond" of earth. If you would know what death is, look at the withered branch upon the ground beside. While there are roots still diving deeper into earth's mysteries, life must increase. Sever life from the infinite, rest on the surface only, and nothing but withered death can follow.

So with the flowers; those that were blooming here around us last year are around us still, resting beneath the surface of mother earth, hid by her mystery. When we thought they died, they only went to sleep for a little while, soon to awake, refreshed. The blossoms alone that we have gathered never can come again. Heaven forbid that we should blame the hands that picked them! Those flowers may have fulfilled their highest mission; only from earth are they gone for ever. They have been severed from earth's never-ending circle of recurring life, and their place shall know them nevermore.

Here, under the trees, the flowers will soon begin to reawaken. The snowdrop spikes peer forth with pale timidity: the celandines spread abroad their glossy leaves in triumph to the light again. The winter-aconite has already bloomed, and lies in streaks of sunlight over the brown earth. First of the flowers, we hail it as a friend, and hasten to look nearer at the bright face that bids us hope for spring. We will not pick it, only look our thanks to the golden head raised from its ruff of green, and strive in vain to read the mystery written there. Aye, we have come again upon a mystery too deep for our wisest to fathom.

Even thought, our tireless messenger, cannot help us here. She will fly round the earth at our command, swifter than any swallow; here she is powerless. In vain we bid thought penetrate the clear, deep blue above; in vain we say: "The moon is something other than a silver lamp; the stars more than clear sparks of most pure, tender light; fly forth and up to them and bring us word of what they really are." Thought wings her upward course only to sink wearied to earth again, saying: "I will believe that the bright stars are worlds, that on the moon rise chains of mountains, but I cannot reach them."

In vain we tell her that beneath the grass whereon we stand stretch depths of mysteries, most marvellous hidden springs of life. Thought strives at our behest to dive beneath, but owns her efforts vain. Dazed and bewildered, she can only tell us that she knows the earth is not the crust it seems, but cannot penetrate below the surface.

But what if thought must always fail? Were it not better she should weary her pinions in aching, unavailing struggle to reach the limits of "beyond," than fold her wings in placid contemplation of earth's beauties as pages of a picture-book?

If beauty were beauty only, then the mind should surely rest content to-night. The western flame glows with a duskier red; the blue above is growing more intense. One star trembles above the sunset, and the moon gleams softly from the deepening sky. From earth the sunset glow has faded, and the only brightness left is in the aconite gleams from the wood. The sheep are herding together in the meadow; the birds bid us good-night in a chorus wherein we try in vain to catch the echoes of grief or joy which must sound beyond the twittering harmonies.

In a little while all the snow has vanished, except the shapeless mass which shows where our great snow-man was built. Where is the splendid sphere that formed his head, the nose of proportions so heroic? All disappeared. And yet we know that in nature's vast economy each tiniest snow particle remains intact. It is our handiwork which has disappeared for ever—the snow-man has only changed his form.

Does it not seem a strange freak, this of nature's? that she should be so miserly over the least of her own elements, so prodigal of man's labor, God's completest work.

When the toil of a lifetime crumbles into dust, she mocks the worker, saying: "My elements, wherewith you wrought and worked, are indestructible; I hold them safe through endless ages in an altered form. Your toil, your restless days and sleepless nights, are gone for ever, leaving no mark behind." Then a wonder strikes us whether this can indeed be so; whether in God's providence so great an inconsistency exists; and for one moment we seem to catch a glimpse of a yet more marvellous "beyond," whither, after its one short bloom of action, our force slides back, to render stronger yet the stem from which it sprang.

But a cold wind rising from the dying sunset, bids us hasten home. Back we go into the house, with its cheery fires, and the bright curtains that shut out all our sunset. Walls cannot bound our horizon now, for we have learnt our lesson, and we know that on every side of the bright room stretches the infinite "beyond."

Christ heals the broken hearts by leading them to a higher faith in him and a deeper attachment to him. It is not so much that he binds up and restores the broken heart as that he gives a new heart altogether. We come out of the furnace renewed in the spirit of our mind. We say often about those who are in distress, "Give them change of scene and change of occupation; turn their thoughts into new channels, and they will be well." And this is just what Christ does. He bids them look again at his cross, and even though they have believed before, there is a singular loveliness about his dying work which makes it more welcome than ever it could be before. The tenderness of his own nature is more clearly seen, and we feel that his loving kindness is better than life. In the vale of sorrow we are anointed with the oil of consecration to him.

There are few more potent forces in character or in life than that of the imagination. It has, in fact, a life of its own, underlying the actual and visible life, yet secretly and constantly moulding and fashioning it. It has its sins and virtues, its strength and weakness, its development and repression, all of which tell upon the desires, affect the disposition, and to some extent determine the actions of men. Whoever wishes to be the controller and director of his action must discipline his imagination.

The mind is largely dependent for its strength and clearness of vision upon the purity of the life. It is true that a man should know what is right in order to do right; but it is also true that he must be in the habit of doing right in order to make such knowledge of any practical value. For example, one who is accustomed to live wisely and to avoid whatever he believes injurious learns one day through a reliable source that a certain article of diet of which he is fond, or a certain habit he has acquired, is deleterious, and he at once discontinues it. Another, accustomed to self indulgence, receives the same instructions and makes change in his conduct. The intellect of each has been appealed to alike, and their knowledge of the point in question is equal; but in the one case the habit of right-doing makes it operative, in the other the habit of wrong-doing makes it inoperative.

Religion is learning that its mission is to fashion a perfect manhood—a task of education which is to be realized only by leading forth all the powers, and faculties, and instincts of human nature, and guiding their growth toward a harmonious wholeness. Culture is learning that its function is to be discharged only when books make men; when the intellectual life blossoms out into the moral life, and the moral life flowers into the religious life; when knowledge opens into wisdom, and wisdom bows its knees in worship of the infinite truth and beauty which are one with the eternal goodness.

If people fix their attention upon what is wrong, it looms up before them in exaggerated and untrue proportions, and renders them wholly unable to cope with it; if they were more occupied with the right, the good and the beautiful, however, they would be in a calmer and happier frame of mind, and would be far better fitted to remedy the evils they vainly deplore. In looking down upon and lamenting the dust at their feet they forget to look upwards, and so do not see the glory of the sun overhead and illuminating all around them.

In the supremacy of self-control consists one of the perfections of the ideal man. Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire that in turn comes uppermost, but to be self-restrained, self-balanced, governed by the joint decision of the feelings in council assembled, before whom every action shall have been fully debated and calmly determined—that it is which education—moral education at least—strives to produce.

The test of a man is not whether he can govern a kingdom single-handed, but whether his private life is tender and beneficent, and his wife and children happy. If I could write my name in stars across the heavens, I should be put to shame by the man whose home brightens whenever he enters it, and whose true name is known only to his wife, since she invented it when they were young lovers.

The basest thought possible concerning man is that he has no spiritual nature; and the foolishest misunderstanding of him possible is that he has, or should have, no animal nature. For his nature is nobly animal, nobly spiritual, coherently and irrevocably so; neither part of it may, but at its peril, expel, despise, or defy the other.

The habit of controlling one's words is most desirable, and children should be taught it early in life. Many a bitter reminiscence will thus be avoided by them as they grow old, for many a harvest of evil has been reaped from thoughtless words of slander, which, even if they were true, had better not have been spoken.

He alone is wise who can accommodate himself to all the contingencies of life; but the fool contends, and is struggling like a swimmer against the stream.

It is easy to discern flattery in most people, but to discern its motives requires an uncommon depth of penetration.

A good deed is never lost; he who sows courtesy reaps friendship, and he who plants kindness gathers love.

When hope is disappointed and blasted, submission should be a virtue, not a necessity.

The absent party is always faulty.

The World's Happenings.

"Misfit suits to hire" are advertised in New York.

St. Ignace, Mich., has a doctor who is also an undertaker.

Serpent-skin is coming into fashion as a covering for books.

Paris recently reached a record of 300 divorces in one day.

Queen Victoria, it is said, eats stale bread, and is partial to chestnuts.

A Brooklyn factory is said to make 204,000,000 fish hooks annually.

A Louisana, Mo., man had the hiccoughs for 14 consecutive days.

Mrs. Lillie Prok, of Olalla, Oregon, has killed seven bears this winter.

A New Yorker offers to bet that he can live on hay and oats for 100 days.

Coal is so scarce at Fort Benton, Montana, that it is selling for $60 a ton.

It is estimated that over 500,000 alligators are killed annually for their skins.

A gross of steel pens, formerly costing $15, may now be produced for eight cents.

"Die Deutschelitorarischegesce!lschaft" is the name of a Roscoe, D. T., German society.

Montezuma, Kansas, offers to deed a town lot to the first couple that will marry in their town.

Toboggan note paper and envelopes have appeared in time to be mixed up with the craze of the hour.

The State of Delaware has not a single Republican official—the only State in the Union that can say so.

Eight thousand dollars was found in an old apron of a venerable woman who died at Port Pleasant, N. J., lately.

An alien resident of Illinois, at a recent local election, presented his marriage certificate as evidence of his right to vote.

The Trenton Board of Excise, with a view to freezing out "tough" balls, has raised the fee for ball licenses from $5 to $20.

At a party in Middletown, Conn., the guests piled their wraps on a bed, fatally smothering a baby which was asleep in the bed.

A tiny silver-plated representation of a champagne bottle has a wick out of the cork, holds alcohol, and is called a cigar lighter.

A gambler cannot be indicted for vagrancy in Texas, it is stated, if he can prove that he makes a fair living at his profession.

In the United States three newspapers are devoted to the silk-worm, six to the honey-bee, and not less than thirty-two to poultry.

A man at Bismarck, D. T., has invented a freight-car time-lock that can only be unlocked at the station for which the car is intended.

A large brass chicken, whose wings shelter an inkstand and whose head conveniently goes to one side for a pen-wiper, is a novelty.

Jack rabbits that are sent from Oregon and Idaho to Chicago are said by a Boise City, Idaho, journal to return in the form of "canned chicken."

More than fifty colored men hold positions as clerks in the executive departments at Washington. Their salaries range from $1,000 to $1,800 per annum.

Three disappointed office-seekers at Washington attempted to kill themselves last week. One threw himself from a housetop, and his death came quickly.

Upward of 6,000 cases are said to remain untried at present in the criminal courts of New York city, though indictments have been found in all of them.

A Chicago butcher admits that two-thirds of the canned meat sold in the markets there as chicken is in reality the meat of rabbits that have been long frozen.

While the thermometer stood ten degrees below zero in Nebraska last week, the Baptists of Red Willow cut through ice two feet thick and immersed a number of converts.

An injunction was taken out in New York lately restraining a certain "cowboy pianist" from playing the piano in any public place. Other performers are still unrestrained.

Ten languages—English, German, Norwegian, Swedish, French, Bohemian, Flen, Polish, Italian and Chinese—are spoken in Minnesota. The Governor's message was printed in each of these languages.

A $5 greenback appeared in the till of a Newaygo, Mich., bank the other day bearing the following inscription: "Here she goes—save your salary—don't gamble—never play faro bank—the last of a fortune of $10,000."

A gentleman living near Winterville, Ga., is said to own a Texas pony that sports a well developed moustache—a heavy one, very much resembling one on a human face. It is on the horse's upper lip, and gives him quite a strange appearance.

A farmer's house near Buffington, Illinois, caught fire when no water was near at hand to put out the flames. A thoughtful member of the family ran to the dairy and there procured a quantity of milk, with which the blaze was speedily quenched.

A man at Elizabeth, N. J., picked up a cat in the back yard the other evening and tossed her into the kitchen. The family were seen leaving the house five minutes later, and they don't expect to return for a couple of weeks yet. The cat happened to be a polecat.

Senator-elect Stockbridge of Michigan has just completed a house in Kalamazoo which cost him $100,000. He says he thinks he will get a parrot and put him over the front door to greet him every time he comes in with the remark, "Here comes that blamed fool again."

CHANGE.

BY ANNE ADELAIDE PROCTER.

Mourn, O rejoicing heart!
The hours are flying;
Each some treasure takes,
Each one some blossom breaks,
And leaves it dying;
The chill dark night draws near,
Thy sun will soon depart,
And leave thee sighing;
Then mourn, rejoicing heart,
The hours are flying!

Rejoice, O grieving heart!
The hours fly fast;
With each some sorrow dies,
With each some shadow flies,
Until at last
The red dawn in the east
Bids weary night depart,
And pain is past.
Rejoice then, grieving heart,
The hours fly fast!

Dream or Delusion?

BY MARIE CORELLI.

IT WAS in the Louvre that I first saw her—or rather her picture. Greuze painted her—so I was told; but the name of the artist scarcely affected me. I was absorbed in the woman herself, who looked at me from the dumb canvass with that still smile on her face, and that burning cluster of carnations clasped to her breast. I felt that I knew her. Moreover, there was a strange attraction in her eyes that held mine fascinated. It was as though she said, "Stay till I have told thee all!" A faint blush tinged her cheek—one loose tress of hair fell caressingly on her half uncovered bosom. And, surely, was I dreaming, or did I smell the odor of carnations on the air? I started from my reverie. A slight tremor shook my nerves.

I turned to go.

An artist carrying a large easel and painting materials just then approached, and placing himself opposite the picture, began to copy it. I watched him at work for a few moments. His strokes were firm and his eye accurate; but I knew, without waiting to observe his further progress, that there was an indefinable something in that pictured face that he, with all his skill, would never be able to delineate as Greuze had done—if Greuze, indeed, were the painter, of which I did not then and do not now feel sure.

I walked slowly away. On the threshold of the room I looked back. Yes, there it was—that fleeting, strange, appealing expression that seemed mutely to call to me; that half wild yet sweet smile that had a world of unuttered pathos in it.

A kind of misgiving troubled me—a presentiment of evil that I could not understand—and, vexed with myself for my own foolish imaginings, I hastened down the broad staircase that led to the picture galleries, and began to make my way out through that noble hall of ancient sculpture in which stands the defiantly-beautiful Apollo Belvidere and the world-famous Artemis.

The sun shone brilliantly. Numbers of people were passing and repassing. Suddenly my heart gave a violent throb, and I stopped short in my walk, amazed and incredulous.

Who was that seated on the bench close to the Artemis, reading? Who, if not "the Lady with the Carnations," clad in white, her head slightly bent, and her hand clasping a bunch of her own symbolic flowers?

Nervously I approached her. As my steps echoed on the marble pavement, she looked up. Her gray-green eyes met mine in that slow, wistful smile that was so indescribably sad.

Confused as my thoughts were, I observed her pallor and the ethereal delicacy of her face and form. She had no hat on, and her neck and shoulders were uncovered.

Struck by this peculiarity, I wondered if the other people who were passing through the hall noticed her deshabille.

I looked around me inquiringly. Not one passer-by turned a glance in our direction!

Yet surely the lady's costume was strange enough to attract attention! A chill of horror quivered through me. Was I the only one who saw her sitting there?

This idea was so alarming that I uttered an involuntary exclamation. The next moment the seat before me was empty—the strange lady had gone, and nothing remained of her but—the strong, sweet odor of the carnations she had carried.

With a sort of sickness at my heart, I hurried out of the Louvre, and was glad when I found myself in the bright, Paris streets, filled with eager, pressing people, all bent on their different errands of business or pleasure. I entered a carriage, and was driven rapidly to the Grand Hotel, where I was staying with a party of friends.

I refrained from speaking of the curious sensations that had overcome me. I did not even mention the picture that had exercised so weird an influence upon me.

The brilliancy of the life we led, the constant change and activity of our movements, soon dispersed the nervous emotion I had undergone, and, though sometimes the remembrance of it returned to me, I avoided dwelling on the subject.

Ten or twelve days passed, and one night we all went to the Theatre Francais—it was the first evening of my life that I ever was in the strange position of being witness to a play without either knowing its name or understanding its meaning. I could only realize one thing—namely, that "the Lady with the Carnations" sat in the box opposite to me, regarding me fixedly. She was alone. Her costume was unchanged. I addressed one of our party in a low voice:

"Do you see that girl opposite, in white, with the shaded crimson carnations in her dress?"

My friend looked, shook her head and rejoined:

"No; where is she sitting?"

"Right opposite!" I repeated, in a more excited tone. "Surely you can see her! She is alone in that large box en face."

My friend turned to me in wonder. "You must be dreaming my dear! That large box is perfectly empty!"

Empty! I knew better. But I endeavored to smile. I said I had made a mistake—that the lady I spoke of had moved—and so changed the subject.

But throughout the evening, though I feigned to watch the stage, my eyes were continually turning to the place where SHE sat so quietly, with her steadfast, mournful gaze fixed upon me. One addition to her costume she had—a fan—which, from the distance at which I beheld it, seemed to be made of very old yellow lace, mounted on sticks of filagree silver.

She used this occasionally, waving it slowly to and fro in a sort of dreamy, meditative fashion, and ever and again she smiled that pained, patient smile, which, though it hinted much, betrayed nothing.

When we rose to leave the theatre the Lady with the Carnations rose also, and, drawing a lace wrap about her head, she disappeared.

Afterwards I saw her gliding through one of the outer lobbies. She looked so slight and frail and childlike alone in the pushing crowd, that my heart went out to her in a sort of fantastic tenderness. "Whether she be a disembodied spirit," I mused, "or an illusion called up by some disorder of my own imagination, I do not know, but she seems so sad that even were she a Dream, I pity her."

This thought passed through my brain as, in company with my friends, I reached the outer door of the theatre. A touch on my arm startled me—a little white hand clasping a cluster of carnations rested there for a second—then vanished.

I was somewhat overcome by this new experience, but my sensations this time were not those of fear. I became certain this haunting image followed me for some reason, and I determined not to give way to any foolish terror concerning it, but to calmly await the course of events, that would in time, I felt convinced, explain everything.

I stayed a fortnight longer in Paris without seeing anything more of "the Lady with the Carnations," except photographs of her picture in the Louvre, one of which I bought—though it gave but a feeble idea of the original masterpiece—and then I left for Brittany.

Some English friends of mine—Mr. and Mrs. Fairleigh, had taken up their abode in a quaint old rambling chateau near Quimperle, on the coast of Finisterre, and they had pressed me cordially to stay with them for a fortnight—an invitation which I gladly accepted.

The house was built on a lofty rock overlooking the sea; the surrounding coast was eminently wild and picturesque, and on the day I arrived there was a boisterous wind, which lifted high the crests of the billows and dashed them against the jutting crags with grand and terrific uproar.

Mrs. Fairleigh, a bright, practical woman, whose life was entirely absorbed in household management, welcomed me with effusion—she and her two handsome boys, Rupert and Frank, were full of enthusiasm for the glories and advantages of their holiday resort.

"Such a beach!" cried Rupert, executing a sort of Indian war-dance beside me on the path.

"And such jolly walks and drives!" chorussed his brother.

"Yes, really," warbled my hostess, in her clear, gay voice. "I'm delighted we came here. And the chateau is such a funny old place, full of odd nooks and corners. The country people, you know, are dreadfully superstitious, and they say it's haunted; but of course that is all nonsense. Though if there were a ghost, we should send you to interview it, my dear."

This, with a smile of good-natured irony at me. I laughed. Mrs. Fairleigh was one of those eminently sensible persons who had seriously lectured me on a book known as "A Romance of Two Worlds," as inculcating spiritualistic theories; and therefore deserving condemnation.

I turned the subject.

"How long have you been here?" I asked.

"Three weeks—and we haven't explored half the neighborhood yet. There are parts of the house itself we don't know. Once upon a time—so the villagers say—a great painter lived here. Well, his studio runs the whole length of the chateau, and that and some other rooms are locked up. It seems that they are never let to strangers. Not that we want them. The place is too big for us as it is."

"What was the painter's name?" I inquired, pausing as I ascended the terrace to admire the grand sweep of the sea.

"Oh, I forget! His pictures were so like those of Greuze that few can tell the difference between them, and——"

I interrupted her. "Tell me," I said, with a faint smile, "have you any carnations growing here?"

"Carnations! I should think so! The place is full of them. Isn't the odor delicious?"

And as we reached the highest terrace in front of the chateau I saw that the garden was ablaze with these brilliant, scented blossoms, of every shade, varying from the palest salmon pink to the deepest, darkest scarlet.

This time that subtle fragrance was not my fancy, and I gathered a few of the flowers to wear in my dress at dinner. Mr. Fairleigh now came out to receive us, and the conversation became general.

I was delighted with the interior of the house. It was so quaint, and old, and suggestive. There was a dark, oaken staircase, with a most curiously carved and twisted balustrade—some ancient tapestry still hung on the walls—and there were faded portraits of stiff ladies in ruffs and maliciously smiling knights in armor that depressed rather than decorated the dining-room. The chamber assigned to me up-stairs was rather bright than otherwise. It fronted the sea, and was cheerfully and prettily furnished. I noticed, however, that it was next door to the shut-up and long-deserted studio.

The garden was, as Mrs. Fairleigh had declared, full of carnations. I never saw so many of these flowers growing in one spot. They seemed to spring up everywhere, like weeds, even in the most deserted and shady corners.

I had been at the chateau some three or four days, when one morning I happened to be walking alone in a sort of shrubbery at the back of the house, when I perceived in the long, dank grass at my feet a large grey stone, that had evidently once stood upright, but had now fallen flat, burying itself partly in the earth. There was something carved upon it. I stooped down, and clearing away the grass and weeds, made out

"MANON."
"A WICKED HEART."

Surely this was a strange inscription! I told my discovery to the Fairleighs, and we all examined and re-examined the mysterious slab, without being able to arrive at any satisfactory explanation of its meaning. Even inquiries made among the villagers failed to elicit anything except shakes of the head.

One evening we all returned to the chateau at rather a later hour than usual, after a long and delightful walk on the beach in the mellow radiance of a glorious moon. When I went to my room I had no inclination to go to bed. I was wide awake, and, moreover, in a sort of expectant frame of mind—expectant though I knew not what I expected.

I threw my window open, leaning out and looking at the moon-enchanted sea, and inhaling the exquisite fragrance of the carnations wafted to me on every breath of the night wind.

I thought of many things—the glory of life; the large benevolence of nature; the mystery of death; the beauty and certainty of immortality; and then, though my back was turned to the interior of my room, I knew—I felt I was no longer alone.

I forced myself to move round from the window; slowly and determinedly I brought myself to confront whatever it was that had thus entered through my locked door, and I was scarcely surprised when I saw "the Lady with the Carnations" standing at a little distance from me, with a most woebegone, appealing expression on her shadowy, lovely face. I looked at her, resolved not to fear her; and then brought all my will to bear on unravelling the mystery of my strange visitant. As I met her gaze unflinchingly, she made a sort of timid gesture with her hands, as though she besought something.

"Why are you here?" I asked, in a low, clear tone. "Why do you follow me?"

Again she made that little, appealing movement. Her answer, soft as a child's whisper, floated through the room:

"You pitied me!"

"Are you unhappy?"

"Very!" And here she clasped her wan, white fingers together in a sort of agony. I was growing nervous, but I continued:

"Tell, me, then, what you wish me to do?"

She raised her eyes in passionate supplication.

"Pray for me! No one has prayed for me ever since I died. No one has pitied me for a hundred years!"

"How did you die?" I asked, trying to control the rapid beating of my heart.

The Lady with the Carnations smiled most mournfully, and slowly unfastened the cluster of flowers from her breast. There her white robe was darkly stained with blood. She pointed to the stain and then replaced the flowers. I understood.

"Murdered!" I whispered, more to myself than to my strange visitor. "Murdered!"

"No one knows and no one prays for me!" wailed the faint, sweet spirit voice; "and though I am dead I cannot rest. Pray for me—I am tired!"

And her slender head drooped wearily. She seemed about to vanish.

I conquered my rising terrors by a strong effort, and said:

"Tell me—you must tell me"—here she raised her head, and her large, pensive eyes met mine obediently—"who was your murderer."

"He did not mean it," she answered. "He loved me. It was here"—and she raised one hand and pointed to the adjacent studio—"here he drew my picture. He thought me false, but I was true. 'Manon, wicked heart!' Oh, no, no, no! It should be 'Manon, faithful heart!'"

"She paused and looked at me appealingly. Again she pointed to the studio.

"Go and see!" she sighed. "Then you will pray—and I will never come again. Promise you will pray for me—it was here he killed me—and I died without a prayer."

"Where were you buried?" I asked, in a hushed voice.

"In the waves," she murmured. "In the wild, cold waves; and no one knew—no one ever found poor Manon. Alone and sad for a hundred years, with no word said to God for her!"

Her face was so full of plaintive pathos that I could have wept. Watching her as she stood, I knelt at the quaint old prie-dieu, just within my grasp, and prayed, as she desired.

Slowly, slowly, slowly a rapturous light came into her eyes. She smiled, and waved her hands toward me in farewell. She glided backward toward the door, and her figure grew dim and indistinct. For the last time she now turned her radiant countenance and said, in thrilling accents:

"Write 'Manon, faithful heart.'"

I cannot remember how the rest of the night passed, but I know that with the early morning, rousing myself from the stupor of sleep into which I had fallen, I hurried to the door of the closed studio.

It was ajar. I pushed it boldly open and entered. The room was long and lofty, but destitute of all furniture save a battered-looking, worm-eaten easel, that leaned up against the damp, stained wall.

I approached this relic of the painter's art, and, examining it closely, perceived the name 'Manon' cut roughly yet deeply upon it. Looking curiously about, I saw what had nearly escaped my notice—a sort of hanging cupboard, on the left-hand side of the large, central bay window.

I tried its handle. It was unlocked and opened easily. Within it lay three things—a palette, on which the blurring marks of long-obliterated pigments were still faintly visible; a dagger, unsheathed, with its blade almost black with rust, and—the silver filagree sticks of a fan, to which clung some mouldy shreds of yellow lace.

I remembered the fan the Lady with the Carnations had carried at the Theatre Francais, and pieced together her broken story. She had been slain by her artist-lover—slain in a sudden fit of jealousy ere the soft colors on his picture of her were yet dry—murdered in this very studio; and no doubt this hidden dagger was the weapon used.

Poor Manon! Her frail body had been cast from the high rock on which the chateau stood "into the wild, cold, waves," as she or her spirit had said, and her cruel lover had carried his wrath against her so far as to perpetuate a slander against her by writing "Wicked Heart" on that imperishable block of stone!

Full of pitying thoughts, I shut the cupboard and slowly left the studio, closing the door noiselessly after me.

That morning, as soon as I could get Mrs. Fairleigh alone, I told her my adventure, beginning with the very first experience I had had of the picture in the Louvre. Needless to say, she heard me with the utmost incredulity.

"I know you, my dear," she said, shaking her head at me wisely. "You are full of fancies, and always dreaming about the next world, as if this one wasn't good enough for you. The whole thing is a delusion."

"But," I persisted, "you know the studio was shut and locked. How is it that it is open now?"

"It isn't open," declared Mrs. Fairleigh; "though I am quite willing to believe you dreamt it was."

"Come and see," I exclaimed eagerly; and I took her up stairs, though she was somewhat reluctant to follow me.

As I had said, the studio was open. I led her in and showed her the name cut on the easel, and the hanging cupboard with its contents. As these convincing proofs of my story met her eyes, she shivered a little and grew rather pale.

"Come away," she said, nervously. "You are really too horrid! I can't bear this sort of thing! For goodness' sake, keep your ghosts to yourself!"

I saw she was vexed and pettish, and I readily followed her out of the barren, forlorn-looking room.

Scarcely were we well outside the door when it shut to with a sharp click. I tried it. It was fast locked! This was too much for Mrs. Fairleigh. She rushed down stairs in a perfect paroxysm of terror, and when I found her in the breakfast room she declared she would not stop another day in the house. I managed to calm her fears, however, but she insisted on my remaining with her, to brave out whatever else might happen at what she persisted now in calling the "haunted" chateau, in spite of her practical theories.

And so I stayed on. And when we left Brittany we left all together, without having had our peace disturbed by any more manifestations of an unearthly nature. One thing troubled me a little. I should have liked to obliterate the word "wicked" from that stone and to have had "faithful" carved on it instead; but it was too deeply engraved for this. However, I have seen no more of "the Lady with the Carnations." But I know the dead need praying for—and that they often suffer for lack of such prayers—though I cannot pretend to explain the reason why. And I know that the picture in the Louvre is not a Greuze, though it is called one. It is the portrait of a faithful woman, deeply wronged, and her name is here written as she told me to write it—

"MANON."
"FAITHFUL HEART."

Oh, the consummate courage given by love's young dream! A man and a woman, neither of them being over twenty-three years of age, entered a Northern New York police station last Saturday evening and asked for a night's lodging. They had no baggage and were poorly dressed. They admitted that they were on their wedding tour, poor creatures, and were shown with much ceremony into a bridal cell, where they remained until Sunday morning, when they resumed their trip.

False Pride.

BY G. N.

IT IS the height of summer. The scene is a crowded ball-room—so crowded that it is difficult for the chaperons to pick out any one couple to make remarks on. Yet there is one couple who receive their due meed of praise and of equally flattering detraction. They are easily distinguishable, for they are both tall, and not only tall but handsome.

The man, Geoffrey Marchmont, has pride of birth and confidence in himself written in his well-featured face. The girl, Hester Marchmont, Geoffrey's cousin, has the carriage of a young queen. This is her first ball, and her enjoyment exceeds her wildest dreams.

She has no chaperon to impress upon her youthful mind that it is wrong to dance more than three times with any man, for her father has brought her to the ball, and he is quite content to leave her to the care of Geoff—Geoff, her cousin, who has been her protector and playfellow ever since he came to live with them, seven years ago. The handsome boy of fifteen had then taken under his wing the little ten-year-old maiden, and the friendship thus early begun has grown and prospered—in Geoffrey's case, at least—until it has become the ruling passion of his life.

Mr. Marchmont, having shaken hands with the Colonel's wife and introduced his pretty Hester, is quite content to leave the care of her to Geoffrey, who introduces her to many of his fellow-officers.

It is a melancholy duty that Geoffrey performs. He likes to see Hester enjoying herself, but it is hard to think that on the morrow he will be speeding far away, and leaving the desire of his eyes behind him. And yet that this is so is in some degree his own fault, for he has no doubt in his own mind that the child is fond of him.

But she is rich and he is poor. His pay is not sufficient for them to live upon, and he is too proud to live upon a wife's money. He can well afford to wait, he thinks, till the child—she is only seventeen—is old enough to know her own mind.

So he never speaks the words which may alter their whole lives, but watches her keen young enjoyment with a mournful pleasure and dances with her rather more often than he ought.

"It would just be perfect, Geoff," she tells him, as they glide off for the third time, "but for one thing."

"What is that, my Hetty?" he says, in his deep tones.

"Why, to think that you're going to-morrow," says Hetty, in her artless, child-like fashion. "I shall miss you so dreadfully, Geoff."

"Shall you, my darling?" he says, tenderly.

For the life of him he cannot keep tender words off his tongue, but then he has called her by every endearing epithet imaginable for several years, and his doing so suggests nothing to Hetty's simple young soul. She speaks but the truth when she says she shall miss him, for all her life is taken up with him and what he likes.

Geoffrey recalls every incident of that evening when, on the day following he is whirled swiftly away from his heart's delight.

"She loves me—my darling," he thinks; "only she does not know it."

Time flows on and brings changes with it. The sorrowful look fades out of Hetty's eyes, only to be recalled in some rare moment at a chance mention of Geoffrey. Her father—her stern, self-contained father—is dying, though he lingers, as if loth to leave his only child alone in the world.

And then a certain old major, who frequently drops in to make one at a rubber of whist, begins to look more at his friend's daughter than at his friend, and at last he begs Mr. Marchmont to let him take the fair young life into his keeping. Mr. Marchmont is overjoyed. He thinks that his little girl has no fancy for any one else. How should he dream otherwise since of late her life has been so quiet? The two men settle everything between them, with but the merest form of an appeal to Hetty, who, helpless, bewildered, only feels that she has not the heart to combat any wish of her father's now that he is leaving her.

And so Hetty Marchmont becomes Hetty Maxwell, and the light dies out of Geoffrey's life, and the years pass on until three have gone since Geoffrey left his home.

Mrs. Maxwell is one day sitting with her husband at breakfast, when the servant brings her in a letter written on foreign paper. She opens it and utters a glad cry.

"Oh, Matthew!" she exclaims. "Only think! Geoff is coming home—my cousin Geoff, whom I have not seen for three years. He says he hopes we will put him up for a week or two, but we must have him for all his leave. Poor boy, he has nowhere else to go!"

"Of course, my dear," says Matthew, who never refuses the least wish of his wife. "Ask some of your cousins at the same time, to make the house lively for him. I am afraid I am but a dull companion for a young man."

It never strikes him that he is a dull companion for the brilliant young creature opposite him. Women, particularly wives, are not supposed to be ever dull.

And Hetty is a girl who will always make the best of her lot. If she was at first dismayed to find that Matthew's whole soul is given to out-door pursuits and that he snores in a big arm-chair all the evening, she does not dwell on that side of her husband's character, but only remembers how kind he is and how fond of her.

It is interesting to make preparations for Geoffrey, for she knows that he will notice and criticise, and not be indifferent whether she makes them or not.

There is a new delight in all her plans when she thinks they are for her old playfellow and companion. She fills her house with all the nicest people she knows, and goes herself, with her two dearest friends, to meet him at the station.

A little mist of tears obscures her sight as the train comes in. She remembers so vividly that night when they said farewell. Will he be the same?" she wonders, or will his three years' absence alter the old charm?

The train stops and out he jumps, tall as ever, thin and sunburnt. His dark chestnut hair has the same crisp curl in it, and his keen eyes are as watchful as of old. They meet and clasp hands.

"Oh, Geoff, Geoff! it is good to see you again!" cries Hetty.

"Thank you, dear," he answers, in the slow, musical tones she remembers so well.

Hetty introduces the two girls, Milly and Eveline Darrell, and then they all get into the pony carriage, Hetty leaving orders that Geoffrey's luggage is to follow.

Geoffrey and Hetty are in the front seat, the latter driving. For some moments they are both silent—she from sheer happiness, he because he is devouring her with his eyes.

Geoffrey breaks the silence first.

"And what sort of a life do you lead down here, Hetty?"

He says the last word diffidently, and quickly adds: "You must excuse me. I can't call you Mrs. Maxwell."

"I'm very glad to hear it," says Hetty, composedly; "for I don't intend to call you Mr. Marchmont, Geoff."

Her light touch of mimicry is irresistible, and he laughs softly before he says—

"Don't you intend to answer my question, either?"

"Your question? Oh, what sort of life do we lead? Why, we play tennis, and go on the river and—and dance. Oh, Geoff, you will be here in time for the county ball. Do you remember the last—no, I mean the first—ball we were at together—do you, Geoff."

"Do I remember?" he says, slowly, almost as if to himself, but watching her keenly meanwhile. "I wish I could forget."

When they reach home Geoffrey does not see much more of Hetty till dinner is over. Then she rather forgets her duties as a hostess, for she takes him out in the garden for a stroll. She asks Matthew to come, too, but he says that the night air is chilly, and induces everybody to sit down to a round game of cards.

"Run away, my dear!" he says, in his good-natured way, to Hetty. "You must have lots to say to your cousin."

And Hetty, nothing loth, leads Geoffrey off, and shows him all her favorite haunts, the view of which looks so well by moonlight, the corner of the garden which she keeps entirely to himself, and the greenhouse which she will not allow the gardener to enter. And he sympathizes and admires, and criticises, and they feel as if they had stepped back into their past lives, when they were all in all to one another.

"Matthew made me ask a lot of people to entertain you, Geoff," said Hetty, at last; "but I really think I could have managed."

"And you—who amuses you?"

"Oh, you'll have to do that," replied Hetty," and we'll come here whenever they get troublesome."

And so they do, and talk over the old days, re-telling their old scrapes and perplexities, and making plans for the time when the visitors shall be gone.

But Hetty is no careless hostess, and she knows that she must amuse the girls somehow. One day, therefore, she proposed a picnic across the river in search of primroses. They go over in the ferry, and Milly Darrell starts a song, in which they all join, more or less badly.

When they land Hetty volunteers to explore, and Geoff says that he will accompany her. Most of the others emulate their example, and the party only meets again at one time, when a difficulty arises about the fire. Green wood does not burn well, and they cannot find any dry.

One of Matthew's friends, Major Hendon, comes to the rescue. He discovers an ancient hurdle, which burns up splendidly, and Hetty begins to make the tea. But before the water is boiling half the hurdle is burnt, and Major Hendon gives it a push to turn it over. He does turn it over—and over. It rolls to Hetty's feet, and flares up in a great flame, which singes off part of her eyebrows and eyelashes.

Geoff starts forward with a great exclamation, and gives the burning mass a kick, which sends it rolling in the opposite direction. Then he looks at Hetty to see whether she is safe, and finds that she is quite pale. "Were you frightened, dear?" he asks, anxiously.

"Oh, no!"

"That man is the biggest ape!" exclaims Geoff.

The "ape" comes up and apologises. "I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Maxwell, he says, contritely; "I don't know what your husband will say to me."

"You've burnt off all her eyelashes," in a growl from Geoff.

Hetty retires into the background and pours out the tea. She receives a good deal of commiseration from the girls, who wonder how long the eyelashes will take to grow. She is rather vexed herself. She did want to look nice for the ball, and she wonders what Matthew will say.

A ludicrous surprise awaits her when she gets home. Matthew never notices anything amiss! It does not look so very bad, after all, for they are not all gone; but she is a little piqued that Matthew never discovers anything wrong till Major Hendon begins making abject apologies. Matthew laughs that great hoarse laugh of his.

"Make 'em grow all the thicker!" he cries, loudly. "Never mind it, man; Hetty doesn't care—do you, Hetty?"

Hetty quietly says so; but Geoffrey looks black. He is hardly decently civil to Major Hendon.

Yet, after all, Hetty's eyelashes soon grow again, and all are right long before the ball. She rather wonders what she shall wear. She consults Geoffrey. He votes for white; she looked so nice in white at that other ball. Hetty thinks that white is not suitable for a married woman, so she asks Matthew. Matthew laughs at her.

"Nobody would think your were a married woman to look at you, my sweet," he says, fondly. "Wear white by all means; Geoffrey is sure to know what suits you best."

When she comes down stairs before they start, Geoffrey utters a little cry of surprise.

"Why——" he begins, and then stops.

"Why," repeats Hetty, smiling: "You remember it, then?" She feels an inward thankfulness that Geoffrey is rather more observant than her husband. "I hadn't another white one," she goes on; "and then I remembered that I had only worn this once, so I thought it would do again."

"Another new dress!" says Matthew, coming into the room; "ah, you extravagant little puss!"

Matthew had been at that ball, but his memory is not like Geoffrey's. Somehow, everything reminds Hetty of it strangely. Like her father, Matthew has no sooner conducted his party in than he goes off to play whist. Again Hetty dances a great many times with Geoffrey; and she introduces him to partners instead of his introducing her. About half way through the evening they wander outside into the shrubbery, which is lit by Chinese lanterns. Geoffrey is talking to her of his life in India, and how lonely he sometimes feels.

"Ah, Hetty," he says, slowly, "if I only had you with me!"

She does not answer, and, looking at her, he sees that her eyes are full of tears. She is overcome at the idea of his loneliness, and her innocent mind attaches no wrong meaning to his words. The sight of her sympathetic eyes is too much for Geoffrey's self-control. He catches her in his arms, and showers kiss after kiss on her sweet, upturned face. And for a minute or two Hester makes no resistance. She only feels the happiness of having his arms round her, and realises that this is her true resting place. Then suddenly she remembers Matthew—Matthew, who trusts her implicitly, who treats her with unvarying kindness; and she feels the baseness of her return for his trust and love. Without a word, without a look, she draws herself away from Geoffrey, and moves swiftly back towards the house. She dares not look back, for the slumbering passion of years has woke suddenly into startling life, and it requires all her resolution to tear herself away from its object. She does not trust herself; all the evening she keeps away from Geoffrey; she quietly ignores him when his dances come round, and waltzes away indefatigably with some one else. At last he can bear it no longer. As the guests are getting into the carriage to drive home, he whispers in her ear—

"Hetty, I must speak to you alone! Come with me into the breakfast-room."

Hetty does not refuse. She knows that she is mistress of herself now; the struggle has been sharp, but she has conquered. She feels that there is something she must say to Geoffrey which no other ear should hear, and she yields to his request. She goes quietly with him when they reach home. The whole house seems to have gone to bed. She knows that Matthew will not question her. Geoffrey shuts the door behind his cousin, and comes up to her.

"Hetty," he says, speaking low and rapidly, "I love you; I cannot live without you. You love me—don't deny it"—as she makes a gesture of dissent. "I can see it in your eyes and hear it in your voice. I have loved you ever since you were a child, and you loved me, only you did not know it. We were meant for one another. Why should we not be happy? Come away with me, and you will not repent it."

The temptation is swift and terrible. Hetty covers her eyes with her hands.

"Ah, Geoffrey, Geoffrey!" she says in a broken voice, "it is too late to say all this now. Why did you not tell me so then?"

"I had not sufficient money to live upon then," says Geoffrey, sullenly, for he is beginning to see she will not yield. I was too proud to live upon yours."

"Then why," says Hester, for the first time reproachfully—"why did you come here? I was, if not happy, at least content."

"I did not want anybody to guess my secret," says Geoffrey, a blush creeping up his sunburnt cheek, "and—and I was too proud to fly from a woman."

"Geoffrey," exclaims Hester, "your false pride has ruined both our lives. I was too young to know, and I married a man whom I did not love because you were too proud to speak. Yet I might be happy with my husband, for Matthew is very kind to me——"

"And so you shall, my darling," exclaims Geoffrey, passionately; for the sorrow and shame in her eyes nearly drive him wild. "I will go away, and you shall never see or hear of me again, and you will forget me."

"Yes, I may forget you, says Hetty, mournfully; "but can I ever forget my own sin? He trusts me—he trusts me!" she cries, wildly, "and I have broken his trust. I can never look him in the face again!"

The opening of the door startles them both.

There stands Matthew; he has come to look for his wife, surprised to find that she is not in her room. He stares in amazement at the two—Geoffrey pale, and Hetty with the tears in her eyes.

"What is the matter?" he asks, uncomfortably. "Have you had a quarrel?"

Hetty takes no notice of the question. She goes up to him, and gazes earnestly into his face.

"Matthew," she says, solemnly, "have I been a good wife to you?"

"You have been to me everything that a man could wish, my darling," he answers, fondly, surprised though he is at her question. Had Geoffrey been taking her to task about her wifely duties, he wonders?

"And I will be!" cries Hetty, passionately. "Only, Matthew, I am very young and foolish; you must help me—save me from myself!" she adds almost wildly.

"Come, little woman, what nonsense is this?" says Matthew, cheerily. He thinks that she is over-tired and over-excited by the ball. "I am going to look up the house, and when I have done I shall expect to find you safe in bed," and he turns away. His sturdy common-sense has a calming effect upon Hetty.

"Good-bye, Geoffrey," she says, firmly. "Our lives have have been spoilt, but his shall not be."

Geoffrey understands that this is his dismissal. He takes one longing look at her, but says nothing. As the door closes, he makes a movement towards it, but checks himself. "I will not make her suffer any more," he thinks.

His pride makes him shrink from going away suddenly, for people will wonder why. But the parting look Hetty has given him is too much for his pride, and he is off before any one is down the next morning, leaving a hurried note for Matthew to say that he is called away on urgent business. He never crosses Hetty's path again.

On a Ledge.

BY A. B.

SENORITA! S-e-ñ-i! Senorita!" reached in a low whisper the ears of Senorita Mercedes Guadaloupe Grenados, as she swung lazily in the hammock on the wide verandah.

"Who is it?" she asked in Spanish.

"Pablo!" came in the same low whisper.

"Good Pablo, come here."

A tall negro, showing in the slightly coppery hue of the skin the mixture of Indian blood, stole cautiously across the open space between the house and thick bushes, and almost crawling, reached the place where his young mistress was.

"Well, Pablo, what news?" eagerly demanded the young girl.

"All lost, senorita! All lost!"

"And Don Enrique?"

"Out in de bush dar, hin' 'n de canes."

"But why don't he come in? What does he want to stay there for?"

"Indians chasin' of him—de Cancanos," answered the peon gravely.

"What!"

"Yes, senorita. Fo'o'e days now. And Don Enrique he say' us' get t' mountains now, quick."

"What does he want?"

"Want some money, an' some food, an' some clothes, senorita."

The young girl hesitated a moment, and then said sharply:

"Pablo, go to Don Enrique, and tell him to go to the old hut down in the swamp. I'll be there in half an hour."

As the peon turned to execute the order, the girl ran into the house, and once more silence fell upon the place. The revolution, one of those unsuccessful revolutions of which the history of Columbia is full, was just over, and Don Enrique Gonzales found himself on the losing side.

Under ordinary circumstances he might have surrendered; but when he heard that the dreaded Indians of the great Canca Valley had been placed upon his track, he knew there was nothing to do but fly. For these men are noted in the northern part of South America for the fact that they never give or take quarter. They are like human bloodhounds; their one idea is to kill. Don Enrique had good reason to make the most of his time with the Cancanos after him.

Down in the cane swamp stood an old palm house, the sides made of upright sticks split from the black palm, and lashed to cross-pieces, and the roof heavily thatched. Here, sitting on a log in the shadow, was Don Enrique, a young fellow about twenty-seven, while lying on the ground was the peon, Pablo.

Suddenly the peon raised his head.

"Somethin' comin', senor!"

The two listened for a minute, and then through the only path to the hut came a large mule, saddled and bridled, followed by another one, upon which was the senorita.

Don Enrique had the girl in his arms almost before the animal stopped moving, and the whispered words of endearment, the rapturous kisses and looks which the two gave each other, told the old, old story plainly.

"But, dearest, why have you got your habit?" he asked at last.

"Because—because— Oh, 'Rique, you must let me go with you!" she said, trembling as she spoke.

"Impossible! You do not know what this trip means."

"But I must! To-day," she went on, with a blush, "would have been our wedding, and I cannot—I cannot—let you go alone!"

In great perplexity, Don Enrique looked at the peon for advice.

Pablo has served his father as well as himself, and Pablo's forefathers had served the house, first as slaves, and then as freemen, ever since the first Gonzales had settled in the valley. In reply to the look, the peon gave a grunt.

"But—but, Mercedes," said the young man, turning to her, "how could you cross the mountains?"

"Pablo can carry me,—can you not, Pablo?"

"Yes, senorita," the peon answered.

"There, Enrique, you hear! And I tell you I'm going, anyway." Now don't be unkind."

"Very well," he answered, resignedly. "But we've got to start now. Come on, Pablo."

Placing the girl on her mule again, Don Enrique mounted his, and, led by the peon, the party made their way out of the canon into the main road. Once on this, they pushed ahead rapidly, Pablo keeping up without the slightest difficulty.

The road, which at first was good, gradually got wilder and rougher, until, as they went up the mountains, the mules would stop and pant every now and then before beginning one of the frightful climbs, during which they had to almost spring from rock to rock. Still up, and up, and up, the mules climbed, urged on as much as possible by their riders.

Suddenly Pablo, who had been looking back, said—

"Look, senor."

And Don Enrique turning, saw far below a string of what seemed like brown boys, carrying long sticks, crossing an open space.

"Eight, nine, ten," he counted, in a tone of some bitterness. "Well, if we must fight, we must," he went on, setting his teeth hard, and mechanically loosening his revolver.

"No fight here, senor," said the peon earnestly. "No good here. Up dere," pointing as he spoke to a peak about three miles from them.

"All right, Pablo."

And once more the mules were urged along by voice and spur. But if the fugitives had seen their pursuers, they had in turn been seen, and the race began between them. The road was frightful.

At one side the rocks towered above them until it seemed as though they reached the sky; while, on the other hand, a hideous, yawning *barranca*, as they call those strange crevices in the Andes and their associate ranges, went down sheer some six or seven hundred feet.

More and more frightful became the pass until the young girl was forced to cover her eyes with her hand, unable to look out any longer. Long before Pablo had taken her bridle rein, while Don Enrique rode behind. The mules, with the wonderful instinct which marks them, stepped as carefully as cats, trying every stone before resting their weight upon it. Suddenly Pablo stopped.

"Get down here, senorita," he said, as, lifting her from the saddle, he placed her on her feet. "You too, senor. No one can ride here."

The ledge made a sharp turn to the right, and on the turn was not more than two feet wide. While Don Enrique held the girl in his arms, her head buried in his shoulder, Pablo cautiously led the mule she had been riding round the turn. Then he returned to the other, telling the two to go ahead. Holding on to the rough rocks, with one arm around Mercedes, Don Enrique moved inch by inch round the point, and as they reached the other side sank down on the wide platform where the mule was standing, fairly faint with the reaction from the nervous strain, while Mercedes fainted outright.

In the meantime Pablo had begun to cautiously drive the second mule round the turn. Just as the animal was twisting itself round, a diabolical series of yells began up the pass, and the Indians came running in. The mule started, one foot slipped, and after a moment's vain pawing to recover its footing, it launched out into the air, turning over and over, until it met its death in the gulf below, smashed out of shape on the pointed rocks. The moment's hesitation which this gave the Indians enabled Pablo to slip round the turn in safety. Roughly shaking Don Enrique, he said significantly:

"Now we fight, senor!"

Don Enrique sprang to his feet, and with Pablo advanced to the edge; none too soon, however. A head, a coppery brown in color, where the hideous red and black of the war paint did not hide it, was thrust around the rock only in time to get a cut from Pablo's machete, or long knife. The next and the next, and the next, seemingly urged on by the pressure from behind, fared the same way. Then came a pause. A moment afterwards a cloud of little arrows, about eight inches long, each wrapped with a tuft of cotton, flew through the air, and again there was quiet.

"Can they reach us from above, Pablo?"

"No, senor; dis only place."

Again the Indian tried to steal round, and again Pablo's machete fell. But this time, what looked like a stick about three feet long had been turned towards him by an Indian lying on his stomach, and as the stomach, and as the peon was raising his arm to strike, he felt a little prick like a pin in the leg. The arrow fell to the ground, but Pablo, glancing down, saw the end of a fine splinter in the wound.

Don Enrique at once attempted to dig this out, but both he and the peon knew it was no use.

The curare poison had touched the blood, and in less time than it takes to tell it, Pablo began to feel numb all over and sank to the ground, the girl wiping the cold perspiration from his forehead.

But when Don Enrique had been busied with the peon, two of the Indians had passed the point and a third was following. His revolver settled one of them, but he missed the second shot.

Catching up the heavy machete from where the peon had dropped it, he began a hand to-hand fight. Feinting at one over the head, he whirled the heavy weapon around and caught his foe under the arm, almost cutting him in two.

Striding over the dead body, he met two of them at once. The one to the left he struck on the head, laying the brain open; but a glance showed him that the machete of the one to the right was coming down.

He just managed to spring out of the way when a deafening report just by his ear, and the leap of the Indian into the air, told him that Mercedes had picked up the revolver where he let it fall.

To advance to the corner and strike down the man coming round was the work of a moment, and then, with a sigh of relief, he realized that once more he held the pass. The rest was but for a moment though.

Taking the revolver from Mercedes, and leaning cautiously round the rock, he waited in silence. Before long he saw a head raised, and fired, killing the last of the party after him.

During this time Pablo had been getting weaker and weaker. When Don Enrique knelt beside him the peon was almost gone, but he could murmur:

"De children, senor?"

"Are mine always."

"Good-bye, senor!" as the eyes, which had been getting duller and duller, finally closed, and Pablo was gone.

* * * * *

The broad road to Venezuela was traversed slowly by Don Enrique and his promised bride, and at the first town they came to, a very quiet and somewhat hurried wedding took place in the rude church of palm.

However, they reached the coast, and before many weeks were safe in France. Nor was it many years before another turn in the political wheel brought back to Columbia Don Enrique Gonzales and his beautiful wife.

SLANG THEATRICAL.

To a large extent theatrical slang is a matter of abbreviation. The "profession" seldom use a whole word when part will do, and they begin by calling themselves "pros."

A theatrical notice in the newspapers is not a "paragraph," but a "par." "Biz" is "business," but there are two kinds. "Good biz" means full "houses;" when "biz" is bad, the treasury is empty, and "the ghost walks." When the player is in the country, he is "on the road"—the phrase is obviously a relic of the times when actors played in barns, and journeyed from town to town in wagons.

Some companies go only to the small towns, when they are said to be "doing the smalls," or "one night stands." Members of provincial companies are "out." To have a part in the piece being played is to be "on." If you do not know your words, you are a "duffer." "Fat" is a slang for good business—a telling speech or anything else that the actor can make much of.

The theatre is the "shop." The play itself is called the "show." "Props," the abbreviation in use for "properties," is a very important term. Everything stored at the theatre for use on the stage is a "prop;" these are the manager's props. The actor's props are the articles of clothing which he has to provide for himself.

"Plot" is used with a somewhat peculiar significance. There are a number of "plots" to every play. Thus the "scene plot" is a list of the various scenes.

The "flyman's plot" is a list of the articles required by the flyman, or man in the "flies." There is similarly a "gasman's plot."

The "property plot" includes all properties used in the piece, and the prompter is responsible for their all being to hand at the proper time. The least important of the prompter's duties indeed is to prompt.

To get a "reception" is to be welcomed with applause from the front when you make your first appearance for the evening; to have a "call" is to be cheered back to bow your acknowledgments when you go off.

When an actor is out of an engagement, he advertises in the chief Theatrical paper that he is "waiting" or "resting."

Managers making up a company invite "capable people to "write in." They are pretty sure to address the ladies who respond as their "dear child." If Shakspeare is to be played, only those "artists" need apply who are "well up" in the "legitimate." A manager of the old school will ask them what they "sell," meaning what kind of parts they play. Preference is given to a comedian for farce or burlesque who can "gag," or introduce matter of his own into a piece on the spur of the moment. If the business is bad, the house is filled with "dead-heads"—persons invited to come gratis. These have a written admission from the manager, and hence the term a "paper house."

FLOUR of sulphur sprinkled on a hot shovel and the fumes inhaled while they are fresh is recommended for a cold in the head; but Fogg affirms that he will die before he will snuff up burning brimstone. It is not unlikely.

EARLY GENIUS.—In a very curious article lately published seems to establish not only that precocity is not necessarily a sign of disease, but the exceptional capacity, especially if it is of the original kind which comes within the scope of the word "genius," is very apt to be precocious. He shows that out of 287 great musicians, artists, scholars, poets, novelists, men of science, and philosophers, 231, or four-fifths, were precocious children, giving signs of their unusual capacity in their special line of thought long before they were 20—indeed, in some cases before they had emerged from comparative infancy.

Mozart was exhibited as a pianist before he was five, and Mendelssohn's first cantata was written at eleven; while Beethoven at nine had outgrown his father's musical teaching. Raphael was a scholar in the studio at 12; Titian painted a Madonna at the same age; Morland was an accepted portrait painter, highly paid by his customers at 10; Landseer exhibited his pictures at 13; and Flaxman carved busts at 15. Goldoni at 8 sketched out a comedy; Calderon wrote a play at 14; Goethe was a poet at 15; Beaumont composed tragedies at 12, and Crowley's epic, written at 10, is said to be "an astonishing feat of imaginary precocity." Scott invented stories at 12; Dickens was a charming raconteur, the delight of his companions, at 9. Grotius was a scholar at 12; Porson could repeat the whole of Horace and Virgil before he was 15, and Macaulay at 8 put together a compendium of universal history.

Newton was a mechanician at school; Laplace, while a mere lad, was a mathematical teacher; Pascal at 18 invented a calculating machine, and Leibnitz thought out difficult philosophic problems before he was 15.

THE TELEPHONE.—A quotation, not much known, from the works of Robert Hooke, published in 1864, would seem to show that the telephone is not such a modern invention as is generally thought. Hooke says: "And as glasses have highly promoted our seeing, so 'tis not improbable but that there may be found many mechanical inventions to improve our other senses of hearing, smelling, tasting, touching. 'Tis not impossible to hear a whisper a furlong's distance, it having been already done; and perhaps the nature of the thing would not make it more impossible, though that furlong should be ten times multiplied.

"And though some famous authors have affirmed it impossible to hear through the thinnest plate of Muscovy glass, yet I know a way by which it is easy enough to hear one speak through a wall a yard thick. It has not yet been thoroughly examined how far colocutions may be improved, nor what other ways there may be of quickening our hearing or conveying sound through other bodies than the air, for that is not the only medium.

"I can assure the reader that I have, by the help of a distended wire, propagated the sound to a very considerable distance in an instant, or with as seemingly quick a motion as that of light, at least, incomparably swifter than that which at the same time was propagated through the air, and this not only in a straight line, or direct, but in one bended in many angles."

A LACTOMETER.—Any housekeeper who desires to test the purity of the lacteal fluid furnished daily by the milkman can provide herself with an impromptu, and to all purposes an efficient lactometer in this way:—Procure a glass bulb and stem, both hollow, load it with quicksilver, sand, or even bird shot, until the instrument will float upright in milk known to be pure. Mark on the stem the point to which it sinks—the surface point. Remove it from the milk and float it in pure water, marking the surface point as before, which will be considerably higher on the stem than the other mark. Now take a narrow slip of paper, capable of being rolled lengthwise and inserted in the stem of the instrument so that figures on it will be visible through the glass. Lay off on this—in the direction of its length—a space equal to the distance between the two surface points, numbering the first point 0 and the other 100. Subdivide this space into ten or twenty portional spaces correspondingly numbered, roll the slip and insert it in the stem until the 0 is at the surface point of the milk, the 100 at that of the water. Your lactometer is now complete. Float it in your milk can every morning and the depth to which it sinks will register the percentage of dishonest water, if any, the milk contains. Suppose, for example, the instrument sinks till the surface line cuts the figure 15. The milk contains 15 per cent. of added water.

HIGH LIVING.—The Chinese are noted gourmets, and the young Emperor of China, a correspondent tells us, has as keen a relish for the pleasure of the table as any epicure in his dominions. Gastronomic taste varies with the latitude and longitude more perhaps than any other; and the emperor's notion of a good dinner is certainly not one that some eaters would have accepted. Eight peaks from the shape of the moon, "The emperor insists on having bear's paws, antelope lips, ducks' tongues, torpedoes' eggs, camel's hump and monkey's lips, carps' tails, and marrow bones" served at his table every day in the year, and, though the cordon bleus of the Imperial kitchen tempt his appetite with an endless variety of supplementary dishes, it is on these that he practically dines. They are esteemed the very choicest delicacies by all Celestial lovers of good cheer, and have been so from time immemorial.

WOMEN teach us repose, civility and dignity.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

What must surely prove a most useful ally to ladies in dressing their hair, or at any rate in seeing that it is properly dressed behind, has been invented by an inhabitant of the Isle of Man. It is equivalent to having "eyes in the back of the head." These eyes consist of a new kind of spectacles, on the glasses of which are small round reflectors, or mirrors, for reproducing objects behind the wearer. With these spectacles, we are told, it is possible to see backwards as well as forwards.

The very latest is "jounce." Mash, masher and mashed are not obsolete, but ancient, which is worse. To be up with the times you must consider the young man whose eyes have rested on you in fond approval, not, as heretofore, reduced to the formless state of the jelly fish, but shaken up, jolted, as when encountering some obstruction in the downward sweep of the smooth-going toboggan. "He's jounced," you say, as you observe the broken bones of the victim and turn to fresh fields and candidates now. Great indeed is philology and great is the young woman. Her capacities for enriching the English language are without bounds.

The new era of miniature painting among amateurs is one of considerable artistic value. If a young woman has at all the power of catching a likeness there is no doubt but what she can give much genuine pleasure to herself and friends. A delicately tinted, pleasurably flattering miniature of husband or wife, or better even yet, of "that blessed baby," is a treasure in any one's possession. A lovely young maiden in New York has been photographed from every point of the compass and in every pose. So when she made a well-known bachelor a dressing gown, every button on it was a portrait of herself, painted by herself. These miniatures are made in any size, from a head a fifth of life size on a plate to tiny ones on a bit of china not larger than a silver quarter of a dollar. Two methods of painting are in use—the French, which is almost entirely stippled, and the German, done in a series of washes.

According to a traveler who has just returned from Tierra del Fuego, South America, whither he accompanied a mission which was sent out by the French government, the Fuegians are the lowest human beings in the scale of existence. Their language contains no word for any number above three; they are unable to distinguish one color from another; they have no religion, and practice no funeral rites; and they possess neither chiefs nor slaves. Their only weapons are bone-pointed spears; and, as they grow neither fruits nor vegetables, and their country is naturally unproductive, they are obliged to live entirely on animal food. Even these savages have, however, some social virtues. Not only are they not cannibals, but they ill-treat neither their women nor their old people, and they are, as a rule, monogamous. They, therefore, compare favorably, in some respects at least, with races that are supposed to be no longer altogether barbarous.

Many Turkish ladies have of late years adopted western fashions of dress, and worse still, have either dispensed altogether with the veil, which, according to the twenty-fourth chapter of the Koran, ought to be worn by every Mussulman woman, or have kept to the bare letter of the law by covering their faces with gauze so thin that it does not conceal the features. The Sultan, much scandalized at these departures from ancient usage, has now decreed that within a month his female subjects shall, under pain of a heavy fine, discard their assumed European mantles, their crinolettes, and their Paris boots, and that henceforth every Mahometan woman shall shroud her head in a veil of modest opacity, and shall clothe herself in all ways after the decent manner of her ancestresses. The decree is a very harsh and barbarous one, yet I am obliged to confess that even in western countries there are male despots who would, if they could, put some check upon the dealings of their devoted wives and daughters with dressmakers and milliners.

For some years, a noted physician, of Germany, has been prescribing a new hygienic doctrine, which has quickly gained disciples in the Fatherland and other countries as well. Under the title of Sanitary Clothing, this new creed teaches that our dress requires a far more radical change than is indicated in the philosophy of so-called dress-reformers. Here is the pith of the matter: Man being an animal, should follow the dictates of nature by wearing only clothing made from wool and similar animal products. Cotton, linen, etc., are harmful in subjecting the exhalations from the skin, whilst animal textures assist in their evaporation. At the same time, animal clothing is the warmest in winter, and coolest in summer, and by its adoption we might count on the same immunity from disease as is seen in well cared for domestic animals. By night as well as by day we must shun contact with vegetable fibres. Sheets must give place to wool and camel-hair coverings. It is obvious that, besides revolutionizing the American's innate regard for clean linen, the general adoption of these new tenets would cause a revolution in trade, and therefore at once court opposition.

Our Young Folks.

THE WHITE HYACINTH.

BY GEORGIANA M. LEBTON.

IT HAD been raining the whole day, but now the February afternoon was drawing to a close, and the gas lamps were being rapidly lighted in the streets, a process watched with delighted eyes by a group of children who were flattening their noses against the window-panes of a room on the lower floor of a large house in London.

"Our half-holiday, and we have not been out to-day," groaned the two boys of the party.

"Neither have we," retorted their sisters in chorus; "so you are no worse off than us."

"Do be quiet, will you," exclaimed Harry, the elder of the brothers. "It's very different for girls. Get your books and read."

"Or your work," chirped Fred, a mischievous imp of seven years of age.

"Who is to see by this light?" was the disdainful reply. "That shows how much you boys know about it."

It is no use disguising the fact that the children were all very cross. "It was the fault of the rain," they said. They were tired of watching the passers-by hurrying along with their dripping umbrellas. They had chased the raindrops down the window-panes until their fingers were chilled and grimy.

The whirling of the streams along the gutters no longer afforded them any amusement, and as the lamps were lighted, they sighed for tea-time, and vented their weariness upon each other.

"If only Cousin Flossie would leave off talking to those tiresome people upstairs in the drawing-room, and would come and tell us a story," cried Carrie, a pretty child of twelve years old, and the eldest of the party.

"Or if mamma would have taken some of us out driving with her," exclaimed Mabel.

"You're a likely subject to be taken to see a sick person. A greater fidget never lived," replied her elder brother.

Any complimentary retort that Mabel might have felt inclined to make was put an end to by the door opening, and the young lady who entered was greeted with shouts of

"Cousin Flossie! dear Flossie! here you are at last!"

"Yes, at last," she answered laughing. "I don't wonder you gave me up for lost; but the Johnsons stayed so long, that I began to think they were never going. Now, you really must not all pull so, or there will be nothing of me left."

"A story! Tell us a story!" cried the children, eagerly, as, clinging to the slight, girlish figure, they almost pushed her into a large arm-chair.

"Hold your tongues! Leave Flossie alone. Do you want to suffocate her?" exclaimed Harry, with boyish chivalry.

By degrees order was restored, and now the firelight flickered on a happy little group seated on low chairs and stools at the feet of the golden-haired cousin, who had seen some twenty summers, and on whose knee was seated the four-year-old Sybil, the baby and youngest of the family.

Amid a hushed silence Florence Graham began her story, and told it in simple language, befitting the children's understanding. Later she wrote it down in greater detail, somewhat as follows:

A little child lay sick in bed. She had been many weeks ill, and hour by hour grew weaker and weaker; the bright sun peeped in at the windows every morning, and each evening darkness fell upon the earth. Sunlight succeeded to-day, and time drifted onwards, bearing with each successive throb that tiny life away.

On a table opposite the small white bed stood, in a glass bottle, a hyacinth bulb, which had been given to the child by a loving friend, and lying day by day propped up among her pillows, she watched the plant as it grew—she beheld its green leaves unfolding, its stem growing taller and stateller, and often she stretched out her little hands, as if to embrace it, for she dearly loved her flower.

One day, when the weather was gray and cold, and the child lay as usual upon her bed, wondering at the rapidity with which her plant was approaching perfection, whether it was the heat of the fire, or that the hyacinth had grown too fast to be strong, no one can say, but over it fell, and hung limp and drooping.

"My flower, my flower!" moaned the little one, reaching forth her hands as if to assist it; "my beautiful hyacinth; oh, if I could but get to you!"

"Oh, dear," groaned the poor plant, "I feel very ill. I shall certainly die if someone does not pick me up soon; that little child would, I know, if she were able."

Of course no one could hear the hyacinth talking, and so it did not help matters.

"I must not despair," continued the flower, trying in vain to raise itself. "The little girl thought me so still, never makes any fuss, but is good and patient. I must try and copy her example. Dear me, I do feel very unfortunate to-day. I am sure I shall never stand upright again, so I must accommodate myself to circumstances."

"Rita! Rita!" called the child, as her sister entered the room, "help my poor, my beautiful flower."

"Ah, that is better!" exclaimed the hyacinth, as the girl called Rita gently raised it, and carried the plant to the little one's bedside.

Tenderly the thin fingers were passed up and down its stem and over the cool, green leaves, then a kiss was pressed on its opening buds.

"It will be a beautiful white flower," murmured the pale lips smiling.

"Yes," said the hyacinth, proudly: "I shall be very beautiful. How the sick child loves me!"

And it shook itself again with pleasure. Then it was placed in a cooler position, and tied carefully to a stick to keep it upright.

This hurt its pride, and the plant trembled with anger and contempt for its wooden companion; but when it saw the child's large, bright eyes looking at her beloved flower a little sadly, still fearing lest it might have been hurt in its fall, said the hyacinth softly to itself—

"How naughty I am to make her grieve. After all, what does it matter if the stick does trouble me? My first object should be to do my duty, which is to please the little girl."

And the plant was right, for God had made the flower, and sent it by the hand of man to brighten the sick child's room.

And now a singular thing happened. The hyacinth began to feel very drowsy, and after nodding two or three times, fell fast asleep. Its adventure had no doubt tired it—that is the only way in which I can account for such a curious proceeding.

The day sped on its course, the waves rolled up in quiet monotony, and broke in soft, sweet cadence upon the shore. Very gently the sun peeped in at the little invalid's window, and was awed by what it beheld.

She heard only, as if from afar, the murmuring of the ocean's billows. The sound mingled with the plaintive strains of an organ, playing in the street below, and as she gazed at the opening white buds of her hyacinth, it seemed to her that they were fast being transformed into a bright being with wings; standing beside her bed.

She stretched out her little arms again to her flower, fading rapidly from her sight, and, as they fell helplessly beside her, the Angel of Death passed swiftly through the room away to the great beyond.

Then all was hushed, all was silent in the little one's chamber, and they who loved her forbore to mourn as those without hope, for they believed, with child-like faith, in the Communion of Saints and the Resurrection of the Dead.

* * * * *

"I have taken a very long nap. I wonder what came over me?" and the hyacinth shook itself impatiently.

"Why, dear me, where am I?" for someone had moved the flower, and it found itself in another room, resting against the window. What has become of my small friend? I must have slept some few hours for the day is nearly over. Very naughty and idle of me, I declare."

Yes, the day was nearly over, for the sun was sinking down to rest, shrouded in a golden glory; hushed was the motion of the sea's restless waves, beautiful with tints of green and pink and violet; while masses of crimson and gray clouds covered the sky.

"Very fine indeed," said the hyacinth, nodding approvingly at the prospect before it. "Man calls it Nature—a cold word. I wonder does he ever forget that the great God gives the glorious sunsets and all the beauties which gladden the earth? But here I am yawning again. I must be very tired. What do I see? Am I dreaming?" and the plant peered eagerly through the window."

Slowly, slowly floating upwards, like a great white cloud, soared a spotless angel, with a little child enfolded in its loving clasp.

Above the din of earth and the never-ceasing motion of the wide sea they rose together, and the child gazed in wonder at the fast-receding objects of the world she was leaving forever, and strained her ear that she might catch the distant sound of a sleep-entwined bell which was wafted to her upon the stillness of the evening air.

Then her eyes fell upon the hyacinth which she had loved while ill, and the little one's heart grew sad, for she desired to take her flower with her into the unknown land whither she and her companion were going.

But the bright angel whispered in loving tones that her Father in Heaven would give her far fairer flowers than even the pure white hyacinth, and that the plant had yet a work to do on earth.

So the little child was comforted, and just as the setting sun was dipping down behind the horizon, and the distant bell tolled once again for the life that had finished its course upon the earth, she kissed her tiny hand to the flower as a last farewell, and the angel with its burden floated away out of sight. Then the hyacinth knew that its little friend was dead, and, bowing its head, mourned.

Some days passed by, until one came when the departed child's sister entered the room. She was dressed in deep mourning, and held in her hand a sharp pair of scissors. The hyacinth turned pale and trembled. Snip, snip, went the scissors, and the beautiful white blossom was severed from the stem.

"I shall faint away," was the low murmur. "I must die now, like the little girl."

But it did not; for the flower was entwined with many others among cool, green ferns, and the wreath they formed was laid upon a small grave in a country churchyard.

"Thus, then, is where my work now lies, and I must try to do it well and patiently," said our hyacinth. Therefore it gathered into its stem as many of the raindrops as it could, and put forth all its beauty, so that the passers-by paused to admire and remark the loveliness and fragrance of the sweet flowers.

"They should notice me in particular. Why was not I alone chosen to adorn her resting-place, since the little girl loved me above them all?" cried our friend, in hurt, peevish tones.

"Why so proud? Where is your patience and contentment?" murmured the ferns, in soft reproof.

Our hyacinth made no reply. In truth, it was ashamed, and, feeling very sorry for its fault, strove to make amends by being very humble, and doing well and bravely the work which had been given it until it withered and the wreath was taken away.

But they planted year by year hyacinth bulbs around the little one's resting-place, and, as the beautiful blossoms reared themselves against the white stone cross which marked the spot, they added their pure testimony to the belief in an eternal springtide and the life of the world to come.

* * * * *

"Tea is ready," said the nurse, putting her head in at the school-room door just as Flossie Graham brought her story to a close, and away trooped the children, the three eldest feeling a little subdued and rather ashamed of their fretfulness and complaints given way to during the afternoon.

They left the door open behind them, but Flossie did not notice it. She sat on in the dark, her eyes fixed on the fire, thinking of the story of the little child and of the lesson it taught.

COIN COLLECTING.

THE mania for collecting appears to be common to all of the human race. The schoolboy collects postage stamps, marbles and business cards. The youth gathers canes, pipes and photographs of friends, while even the most staid citizens have their hobbies in the collecting way. One will seek rare books, old books, first editions of American authors, etc. Others search for coins of America—Colonial, State and Federal. These latter, if seeking to fill up a complete series, are attempting the impossible.

Strange as it may seem, the oldest coins are not the rarest—neither do they command the highest prices. For example, the coin of Ægina, said to be the most antique coin, sells from $2.50 to $8 at auction, while an American dollar of the date 1804, in good condition, is valued at $1,000. A collection of Roman coins can be readily and comparatively cheaply acquired so far as specimens of each epoch is concerned, though a collection of all varieties of Roman coins would be priceless, and would be a load for a wagon. However, the collection of American Colonial and United States coins seems to be the phase most in vogue at present of this particular hobby, and some very fine collections have been secured. The early colonial coins are scarce, and the demand for them is always active. The dealers in coins, of whom there are several in New York, pursue the system of buying cheap and selling high, as those from whom they purchase are ignorant of the value of the coins they sell, and regard all above its face value a clear gain. A dealer will offer for an Oak Tree shilling $1, when he can readily sell it for from $5 to $10, and the same for other varieties. A Pine Tree shilling is rare, and will sell from $10 upwards, while an Oak Tree shilling, same year, 1652, is worth but half as much. A Carolina half-penny, for which a dealer coolly offers from $5 to $8, has been sold in New York city for $20.25. This coin was struck in 1693. The Louisiana copper coins of the French Royal and Republican Governments are worth from 50 cents to $2, while what is called the George Clinton cent, struck in New York in 1787, if in good condition, is valued at from $30 to $50. The Washington cents are all rare, that struck in the die from which the so-called Washington half-dollar was struck selling from $25 to $30, according to condition. The Kentucky cents are also rare, and sell for a good price.

The United States coins are, of all coins, the hardest for one to secure a complete collection. The coinage of 1794 is very rare, and sells readily at $15. A dollar of 1794 has been sold at $100, and then not in the best condition.

The half cent of 1796 is rare and sells readily at $15, while the silver quarter of the same date is valued at from $3 to $5. The half dollar of 1796 is worth $30, and that of 1797 $25. The cent of 1799 is a bargain at from $6 to $10, and the half dime of 1802, is rare to excess, a specimen that was bent and badly worn having been sold in 1875 for $35; a fine specimen would command probably double that sum.

All the coins of 1804 are rare except the half cent, which is very common. The dollar, of which 19,570 were coined, is for some unknown reason the rarest of all American coins, but eight copies being known. The coin has been largely counterfeited, and will sell for from $800 to an unknown sum, according to condition.

The half dollar, of which 156,519 were struck, is extremely rare, and is seldom sold. Probably there is no limit to its value beyond the desire of the buyer to acquire it.

The cent of 1804 can be bought for $5, and the quarter dollar for $2. The silver quarter of 1823 is also exceedingly rare, a very fine specimen having been sold for $75, though one good enough for a pocket piece can be had for $25.

The quarter of 1827 is one of the rarest of quarters. A very fine proof sold for $105, an ordinary copy is purchased by the dealers at $20. The pattern dollar of 1839 is worth $15, and that of 1854 $5. The half dollar of 1836, with the milled edge, is sold for from $5 to $10, and the same is paid for quarters of 1853, without the arrow heads at the side of date.

The cent of 1857 is valued at $2, and the nickle cent of 1856 at the same price. The half cents from 1831 to 1840 are worth from $4 to $8 each, and that of 1852 at $5.

There are some coins that are unique, as the set of patterns from which was evolved the trade dollar. The six dollars which formed the set sold for $38, when put up at auction at the sale of James Taylor's cabinet in New York.

The cent of the Confederate States government, struck in 1861, their own coinage, is rare, and will sell readily at from $5 to $10. The twenty cent pieces of 1877 and 1878 are eagerly sought for at $2 each, and the same is true of the two cent piece of 1873 at $1.

THE "GIFT OF GAB."

All men say women talk, women chatter, women gossip, women use their tongues incessantly in and out of season, on all and every occasion. Few men will be found to admit any woman can converse. Now, between conversation and talking a wide distinction exists, based, however, on a moral rather than on an actual foundation. "Talking" gives the idea of friendly, pleasant, social, familiar intercourse between two persons. "Conversation" suggests to our minds a higher order of talking, in which an interchange of argument, a superior knowledge of the subject under discussion, well-chosen language and a touch of seriousness, all form parts of the whole. As to a "Conversazione," we all know that is just the fashionable designation for a society "crush," and altogether belies its high-sounding name.

Perhaps we may be permitted a word of criticism on the lords of creation. Men who despise women as chatterboxes are themselves the most inveterate gossips. Behold him laying down the law from the vantage ground of the domestic hearthrug; in all public places he is allowed to speak at will, be it in pulpit or on platform, in Congress or the workingman's club, in courts of law, at banquets of all kinds; at every assembly of men we hear the sound of his tongue predominate over all other noises.

Man, if not the beginning, is surely the end of every scandal. A married woman gets her choice bits of news from her husband. "Some fellow at the club told me," is his authority. When she, on her side, reveals to her "better half" some whispered aside, he repeats the bon mot as a joke at his club to some chosen companions, and the seed, once scattered, bears fruit fourfold.

Yet, on the side of men, there is one heavy point in their favor. To them talking is an amusement for their leisure hours or moments. It does not interfere with or detract from their daily work. Here women fail. Women talk too often and too lightly. They never pause to think: Has my talking done any good? by my advice have I assisted? by my sympathy have I soothed?

A man who talks has a distinct knowledge of the subject on which he converses, a definite aim in raising it. Look back on yesterday. To whom did you speak? If to a man, you can doubtless recall the gist of your conversation; if to a woman, you will have but a meagre resume of your words to offer, considering the time spent on the speaking of them. Women talking to each other use too many words, and speak on a variety of subjects too trifling to repeat or remember.

This is scarcely wise. The preacher tells us, "in all labor there is profit; but the talk of the lips tendeth only to penury." From lack of coin we may be shielded, but there is penury of the mind; lips which move so constantly about trivialities make one presuppose their owner is but empty headed. An incessant talker allows himself no time to fill his brains with necessary knowledge. The power of speech is a great gift vouchsafed to us by the Creator, but shall we misuse it?

Words of love, of friendship, of sympathy, of encouragement, of instruction, how precious are all and each! Yet let us check the flow of useless words we so often utter, refraining from speech which is of no avail either to ourselves or our neighbors.

The words "silence is gold" form a safe motto for individual reflection. That bird of renown, "the parrot who thinks a great deal," is not an example to be completely despised.

AN evangelist of the Sam Jones order in Denver, Col., said, among other things, in a recent sermon: "No man who wears tight pants can be a Christian, and no woman who pays $4 for an eight-button pair of kid gloves can enter the kingdom of heaven. I see you girls are inclined to kick at that, but I don't care. Hell is full of people who kicked at the truth."

LADY OF THE HOUSE—"To-morrow is a holiday, Peggy, so you may go out and enjoy yourself."

Maid—"There are so many people on the streets these holidays that I would prefer to stay in the house. Perhaps you and your husband had better go out and mingle with the mob."

LAUNDRYMEN are the most humble and forgiving beings on earth. The more cuffs you give them the more they will do for you.

LEFT BEHIND.

BY A. Y. R.

We started equal in the race—nay, more,
  We started hand in hand—how good seemed life!
How shone the little waves upon the shore
  Where first we wandered; when he called me wife;
I could not see the shadow's awesome birth,
For sunshine flooded all the fair young earth.

How has it faded? Love that was so true
  In those first days has lost its early grace;
Soft drifting clouds gather below the blue,
  That seemed to be fair Heaven's unclouded face,
That shone above us as we turned to leave
A life of dreams—that love alone did weave.

Yet home was there; for that first home of ours
  We did not scorn the voice that called us there;
Our home should e'er be bright as Eden's bowers,
  Our love should wax with time more sweet, more fair.
Work claimed us; life stood no more idly by
Teaching the happy hours how to fly.

And so we entered where work held the reins,
  Nor shirked the future with its heavy load;
At evening there were wanderings in the lanes;
  Love's lamp lit up the gloom in our abode,
Yet, who could watch the swallow's eager quest
With tired eyes that only longed for rest?

He had his dreams to dream, just as of old,
  His fancies flew above on happy wings;
Escaping all that was so dully told—
  The weary march of useful common things.
I could not rise when quite worn out with pain,
Or children's cries; I longed for sleep again.

I slipped aside unwitting—but in dreams
  I saw alone once more that happy time,
Ere work could separate, or blur the gleams
  The sun had lent us—turning prose to rhyme.
He rose yet higher, and I loosed the hand;
I would not drag him down from fairy-land.

For he is happy, and his life is sweet,
  Nor reeks he that so far I lag behind.
Perchance beyond life's mists once more we'll meet,
  And in one strand our lives shall then be twined:
One strand so strong it shall have power to draw
Our hearts together—being one once more.

THE MYSTERY OF MYSTERY.

According to Dr. Grasse, an indefatigable investigator of matters mysterious, Castle Rodenstein, near to Darmstadt, Germany was once inhabited by a knight who was the terror of his neighbors, and passed all his time hunting, and never bestowed a thought upon the fair sex.

On one occasion the Palatine gave a tournament, to which he invited all the knights resident on the Rhine, the Necker, and the Maine. Von Rodenstein made his appearance, looking very magnificent, unhorsed every adversary, and received the prize from the hand of the noble Lady Marie von Hochberg, with whom he at once fell desperately in love.

She readily became his wife, and for some time they lived happily together in Castle Rodenstein, when one unlucky day he became involved in a quarrel with one of his neighbors. He was already tired of the calm enjoyments of domestic life, and the opportunity of a return to his old habits was by no means unwelcome.

In vain did his wife, who undoubtedly thought that matters might be amicably settled, entreat him to abstain from broil and battle; in vain did she fling herself on her knees before him, and implore him, for the sake of herself and her child yet unborn, not to leave the castle. He coldly thrust her aside, and rode off on his courser with all possible speed.

Almost immediately afterwards the poor lady gave birth to a child and died. At night, while the knight lay in ambush near Schnellert, watching for his enemy, he saw a white figure approaching him from his own castle. This was the spectre of his wife, who bearing her child in her arms, reproached him with her death, and told him that he was doomed to wander about as the herald of wars in Germany.

Not long afterwards he was mortally wounded in a skirmish, and died in Castle Schnellert, in front of which he has since made his appearance whenever a war is about to break out.

The following table of comets, and of the events by which they have been succeeded, shows that the popular belief that comets predict remarkable events is not altogether unreasonable. Before Christ, 480, Battle of Salamis; 431, Peloponnesian War; 331, Battle of Arbela; 43, Death of Cæsar. Anno Domini 1, Birth of Christ; 62, Earthquake in Achaia and Macedonia; 70, Destruction of Jerusalem; 79, Eruption of Vesuvius, which caused the destruction of Herculaneum; 337, Death of Constantine; 400, Invasion of Alaric, in Italy; 813, preceded the death of Charlemagne; 877, Death of Charles-le-Chauve; 999, preceded the disasters and terrors of the year 1000; 1066, Conquest of England by the Normans; 1223, Death of Philip Augustus; 1264, Death of Urban IV.; 265, preceded the death of Manfred, King of Naples; 1273, Accession of Rodolph of Hapsburg; 1293, modified character and conduct of Koublai Khan, founder of the Tartar domination in China; 1454, Taking of Constantinople; 1500, Irruption of Tartars in Poland, famine in Swabia, and expedition of Charles XIII. in Italy; 1516 announced the misfortunes of Munster, under John of Leyden, invasion of the Turks in Hungary, civil war in Switzerland, plague in England, inundations in Holland, and an earthquake in Portugal; 1556, abdication of Charles V.; 1560, death of Francois II. of France; 1572, massacre of St. Bartolomew and death of Charles IV.; 1577, King Sebastian made an unfortunate expedition into Africa, where he lost his life; 1580, epidemic in Italy and France; 1793, execution of Louis XVI. in France; 1804, downfall of the Empire; 1811, birth of the King of Rome; 1820, Napoleon considered the appearance of this comet a sign that his dissolution was at hand; 1858, the attempted assassination of the Emperor of France by Orsini, and the Italian war; 1861, inundation of the Danube, American civil war, earthquakes of Guatemala and Rhodes, death of Prince Consort, the new Kingdom of Italy, emancipation of Russian serfs, death of the Sultan of Turkey, and the end of Rome as a Power.

The Romans augured from the entrails of birds, dreams, stars, sortilege, etc., and should a bird of good omen perch on their standard, or fly over or near their army, it was esteemed favorable. On the contrary, if a raven or crow were seen, it was deemed unlucky, and they would not venture to do battle on that day.

Cæsar believed that he should die on the day on which, in fact, his end came.

But, to come nearer home, we shall discover that forebodings and omens were believed by heroes and philosophers, poets and divines. The illustrious Nelson had a strange presentiment of his death on the day of the battle of Trafalgar. Napoleon believed in the propitiousness of his star; and at the period of his dissolution, on the fourth of the month in which he expired, the Island of St. Helena was swept by a tremendous storm, which tore up almost all the trees about Longwood by the roots. The eighth was another day of tempests, and about six o'clock in the evening Napoleon died.

When the first Norman King landed on the shores of Britain he slipped and fell; but being of a superstitious turn of mind, was careful to turn the accident into an auspicious omen by declaring it to be symbolic of his seizure of the land.

Sir Matthew Hale also predicted the day of his death, which was verified. Bacon, Johnson, Walton, and many others, believed in such things.

Grains of Gold.

Nothing overcomes passion more than silence.

The most difficult thing in life is to know yourself.

Self-love exaggerates both our faults and our virtues.

Politeness is a wreath of flowers that adorns the world.

More lies are told about money than anything else in the world.

Impose not a burden on others which you cannot bear yourself.

You will never have a friend if you must have one without failings.

Unless the habit leads to happiness, the best habit is to contract none.

He that makes himself an ass must not take it ill if men ride him.

When a man knows one thing well he is likely to find out other things.

When men begin to glory in wickedness, their punishment is not far off.

Man will ever mistake his true happiness as long as he neglects to study nature.

Malice and hatred are very fretting, and apt to make our minds sore and uneasy.

In ourselves, rather than in material nature, lie the true source and life of the beautiful.

A good conscience fears no witnesses, but a guilty conscience is solicitous even in solitude.

Application is the price to be paid for mental acquisition. To have the harvest we must sow the seed.

Every sin that man commits is a direct stab at his conscience, and he stabs and stabs until conscience breathes its last and is dead forever.

Femininities.

Amiability is a virtue.

Shakspeare has no heroes—he has only heroines.

A knife, piercing and protruding from a melon, is a novelty in pins.

There is said to be only one female trombone player in this country.

The noontide sun is dark, and the music discord, when the heart is low.

United States Senator Ransom's wife fitted each of her six sons for college.

A fashionable wedding present is a door-plate with the bridegroom's name on it.

Rover, for twenty years the pet dog of the Princess of Wales, died on Christmas day.

There is nothing so troublesome to a man as a second wife—when his first one is still living.

Tiny toboggans now "dangle from the bangle" worn by the progressive girl of the period.

Caterers have ventured to introduce cabbage at dinners disguised to taste like something else.

Every baby, it is said, that has been born to the wives of Cabinet officers in Washington has been a girl.

The modern birdcage of bronzed wire makes the old-fashioned affair look exceedingly ill by comparison.

In Paris there are 490,000 unmarried men and only 380,000 married, while there are 410,000 unmarried women.

Although an owl has nothing to do with time, you must have a stuffed one perched up on top of your hall clock.

Starched shirts will iron easier if you let them dry after starching, so you will have to sprinkle them before ironing.

A Burlington paper says some extravagant women it knows of "ought to be arrested for robbing themselves."

It is said that women dress extravagantly to worry other women. A man who dresses extravagantly generally worries his tailor.

Sadie Hays, colored, has been sentenced to an imprisonment of 99 years in the Missouri penitentiary for murder in the second degree.

Silk dresses should never be brushed with a whisk broom, but should be carefully rubbed with a velvet mitten kept for that purpose only.

A Spiritualist medium has just had a long interview with the spirit of Adam. He reports that Adam still blames the whole business on Eve.

The dark-eyed senoras and senoritas who patronize the great Talon Theatre, at Havana, wear flowers upon their heads instead of chimney-pot hats.

Says the society column of a Western paper. "The wedding was strictly private, owing to the bridegroom being still in mourning for his first wife."

Osceola, a town on the west side of the Cascades, in Washington Territory, boasts of a schoolmistress of 19 summers and a weight of 250 pounds.

The simplest remedy for a nervous headache is a pinch of salt taken on the tongue and permitted to dissolve slowly, followed in about ten minutes with a drink of water.

Wife, to sick husband: "A gentleman downstairs, John, wishes to see you." Husband: "I'm too sick to see any one." Wife: "It's the minister, John." Husband: "Well, I'm not sick enough to see him yet."

"What do the people say about me?" asks a distinguished society woman. We don't exactly know, but we will wager that they are saying something about her that she flatters herself no one besides herself dreams of.

A girl working in one of the Biddeford, Maine, mills is the 23d child of the same father and mother, and 22 of her brothers and sisters still live and write to her every week. She receives more letters than any woman in Biddeford.

Lady Wolseley's "scrap cart" calls daily throughout Mayfair, London, at the houses of such residents as agree to receive it, and takes away scraps of meat and bones, vegetables, fish and soup, which are sold to the poor at low prices.

A San Francisco woman bought on credit without her husband's knowledge a $250 sealskin sacque. The husband resisted payment, and the court ruled that he was not liable, as a sealskin coat was not at all necessary in that climate.

To have true beauty a girl must have a tender regard for the old and young, for the poor and suffering—must be sensible and pure in her thoughts, chaste in her conversation, sympathetic with those in adversity, and have an affable and open disposition.

Four-year old Beatrice was lunching in company with her mamma the other day, when a gentleman said, to tease her little ladyship: "I know what you would like." "What is that?" "Oh, you'd like a little brother." "No, I shouldn't; I detest the men."

Woman haters have at last got an organ. It is published at Vienna and is called the "Misogynist." The editor announces the determination of the paper, at whatever risk to the members of the staff, to proclaim its hostility to women at all times and under all circumstances.

When General Booth's daughter was married to Colonel Clibborn in London the other day, the bride—a young woman, tall and excitable—sang before the veterans of the Salvation Army there assembled the song: "We'll fight and never tire." The husband of the hour winced a little.

In Algeria the bride always rides to the wedding on a mule led by the bridegroom. The wedding occurs at his home, and on reaching the door he lifts the girl from the mule and carries her inside, the assembled damsels and youths meantime pelting him and switching him with olive branches.

Masculinities.

The season soon is now at hand
  Which will the poet with it bring
Who wastes much paper, pens and ink
  To write bad verses on the Spring.
So must the weary editor—
  Such poems added to his cares,
Have boots of stouter leather made,
  And study kicking down the stairs.

Illinois has seven lady county superintendents of schools.

Atlanta topers carry their whisky in pocket flasks resembling bibles.

That is the bitterest of all—to wear the yoke of your own wrong doing.

The superior man wishes to be slow in his words and earnest in his conduct.

The man who stoops to brush orange peel from the sidewalk is bent on doing good.

For him who knows what to do, when to do it, and how to do it, one day is worth three.

Lucy Stone predicts that a woman will be President of the United States in the year 2000.

Colorado, which is Spanish for red, is said to have sent only red-haired men to Congress.

Nature abhors a vacuum and it fills the dude's head with love for himself and good clothes.

A man has published a book of 150 pages to show how waste bread may be utilized in families.

Governor Lee, of Virginia, is credited with being the champion checker-player of the South.

A Maryland paper is moved to sympathy for a citizen who had "two of his legs cut off by a train."

Though some men may beat me in living aright, no man shall beat me in repenting of my meanness.

The man who was "bent on matrimony" straightened up afterward. He was footed to the top of his bent.

Men are not apt to accuse or blame themselves for their deviations from right until the world knows them.

If I can put one touch of a rosy sunset into the life of any man or woman, I shall feel that I have worked with God.

Chicago young men are wearing for a watch charm a chestnut that has been washed in silver and robbed of its meat.

The man is but the boy "writ large." What he should be when he is grown, that he must be made to be when he is a child.

Hugh Barnett, of Edwardsport, Ind., was so amused by a pun made by a neighbor that he laughed immoderately and fell dead.

Under the laws of Iowa if you call a man a "greenhorn" or a "hayseed" it is a libel, for which he can sue and collect damages.

It continues to be stylish for young men living on their fathers to wear coachmen's ulsters and make the world believe they are earning their way.

Ending of a boy's letter from boarding school: "I can't write any more, for my feet are so cold I can't hold a pen. Your affectionate son, Tommy."

A man in this city is said to have discovered a process for making whiskey non-intoxicating. The simplest process for making whisky non-intoxicating is not to drink it.

Holding a skein of yarn for a young lady is universally considered of the lightest and pleasantest of occupations, but "holding yarn" for a fellow's sister gets awful tiresome.

"Oh, dear," exclaimed Fenderson, "I wish I knew something about history!" "Very commendable aspiration," replied Fogg; "but why do you particularize history, Fendy?"

A man who broods over his troubles is like a hen on a nestful of back-numbered eggs. There's only one chance in a hundred that he will ever hatch anything, but he keeps at it just the same.

Grandpa: "Well, Fred, you're an uncle now. You ought to be real proud over it." Little Fred: "But I ain't no uncle." Grandpa: "Why not?" Little Fred: "Because I'm a aunt. The new baby's a girl."

Of five people who on their dying beds last year confessed to great crimes, only one told the truth. In the other cases it was shown that the "confessors" could not possibly have had anything to do with the crimes.

One way recommended by Henry Ward Beecher for securing happiness is that of looking away from our own troubles at those of our neighbors, and learning by comparison how much we have to be thankful for.

One of the best known menagerie proprietors in the neighborhood of Paris has a lion styled the Cashier. Every evening he puts his receipts for the day into a leather bag, which he deposits in the middle of the lion's cage. No one has ventured to meddle with it so far.

At Lansing, Mich., recently nine brothers of the Howe family held a reunion. Their ages ranged from 71 to 94, and combined footed up 821 years. Their total weight was 1444 pounds, being an average of 160. The most remarkable thing about the reunion was that it was the first time that the nine brothers had ever all been together. Their parents, who were over 70 when they died, had never seen all the boys together.

President D. C. Gilman, of Johns Hopkin's University, says that for a girl or boy there is nothing better than the needle and scissors, and, particularly for the boy, the jack-knife; and still more fundamental is the pencil, which enables one to delineate with more precision than the pen what one wishes to express; and that a man is a better thinker and a more accurate worker if he can reproduce with his hand what he has thought with his brain.

Recent Book Issues.

FRESH PERIODICALS.

The frontispiece of the *Magazine of Art* for March is an etching by Chas. Courtry of Adolph Menzel's painting, "Forced Contributions." The opening article of the number is devoted to "Current Art," and is filled with engravings from the latest pictures. The paper on the "Romance of Art," this month, is devoted to the story of "William Kaig," and this is followed by a poem, "Even Light." A profusely illustrated paper is devoted to the "Blue Mountains of New South Wales." An illustrated paper is devoted to Ludwig Passini, a painter of modern Venetian life. "The Myth of Odysseus and the Sirens" is discussed, and this paper is followed by one of more contemporary interest, giving "Glimpses of Artists' Life" in London. "Some of the Treasures of the National Gallery" are described with pen and pencil, and copious foreign and American art notes conclude a very attractive number. Cassell & Co., publishers, New York.

Lucy C. Lillie contributes the complete novel to *Lippincott's Monthly Magazine* for March. It is entitled "Kenyon's Wife," and the scene is laid partly in "Little Fenn," a quaint island off the coast of Maine, and partly in Boston and its vicinity. The hero is a newspaper correspondent, the heroine is a native of the island, beautiful but unaccomplished, who by resolute endeavor makes herself a companion for her husband, and wins his love after marriage. Robert J. Burdette contributes the "Confessions of a Reformed Humorist." Another personal article of great interest is the Rev. W. H. Milburn's "Autobiographical Notes of a Congressional Chaplain." Henry C. Lea attacks "The Policy of Insurance." Fred. Perry Powers discusses "Rent and Taxes." There is a short story, "Was It Worth While?" by Barnet Phillips. A poem by Ella Wheeler Wilcox, entitled Blase, is one of the finest things this poetess has written of late years. But perhaps the most important article in the number is "General John A. Logan," by "One who Knew Him." It may be looked upon as the authoritative biography of the late statesman and warrior. The departments are also full of good matter. J. B. Lippincott Company, Publishers, Philadelphia.

BURIAL ALIVE.—Much has been said and written concerning the danger of premature burial, and the subject has even become to some nervous persons the persistent horror of their lives. That a few authenticated cases have occurred in which the still living body has been by some strange oversight consigned to the grave we are not disposed to deny. It is probable, however, that the number of such cases has been exaggerated. Too much has probably been made of the evidence of movement in corpses which have been exhumed.

A critic writing on this subject throws the whole responsibility for live burials on our professional brethren. This is a sweeping and certainly unfair judgment. He accuses them solely on the ground that in many cases they do not, in order to certify death, proceed to make an examination of the supposed corpse, and suggests that certificates of death might be fraudulently obtained by unprincipled attendants on the sick as a preparatory step to murder. Now, this is one of those arguments which, however well they may sound in theory, have little, if any, practical meaning. Medical men, we admit, do not always think it necessary to view the body of a deceased patient before certification. In many instances there is no need that they should do so. They have been in regular attendance; have ascertained the nature of the disease; have gauged its probable issue; and, finally, have seen the actual approach of death, which in a few hours' time has occurred, and of this they are assured on the testimony of persons whom they know to be well principled and judicious. Surely they are entitled in all the circumstances to accept the statement as true. When there is doubt either as to the signs apparent or the character of informants, it is the duty of every practioner to inspect the body of his patient, and any departure from this rule must, we are sure, at all events in this country, be very exceptional.

A LADY who lived near a church was sitting by a window one evening, listening to the crickets which were loudly chirping,—the music from the choir rehearsal being faintly audible,—when a gentleman dropped in familiarly who had just passed the church and had the music full in his mind. What a noise they are making tonight!" he said. "Yes," said the lady, "and it is said that they do it with their hind legs!"

THE husband of a woman who was killed at West Hartford has settled with the railroad company for $35. He probably had not heard that another bereaved husband had obtained as much as $100 for just the same kind of loss.

Are You Making Money?

There is no reason why you should not make large sums of money if you are able to work. All you need is the right kind of employment or business. Write to Hallett & Co., Portland, Maine, and they will send you, free, full information about work that you can do and live at home, wherever you are located, earning thereby from $5 to $25 per day, and upwards. Capital not required; you are started free. Either sex; all ages. Better not delay.

Miss Priscilla's Violets.

BY K. L. W.

MISS PRISCILLA CURTIS was forty-five years old, but no one would have known it if she had not frankly confessed to that age, and pleaded guilty to the fact of being an old maid.

She was a pleasant, kind-hearted little body, with a fresh, youthful face, the cheeriest laugh imaginable, and a smile that won the instant love of everybody.

She had a comfortable income, lived in a cosy little cottage, in a suburb of Chester, and having nothing else to do, was accomplished and charitable—that is, she painted, sketched, hammered out brass plaques, and manufactured all sorts of quaint and wonderful articles of house adornment; was president to three or four charitable societies, and made a daily round of visits to the humble homes of a score of her pensioners.

People wondered why she had never married, and some of her more intimate friends ventured to ask her the question. She always replied with a laugh and these words,—

"My Willie's off o'er the seas," in such a jaunty, nonchalant tone, that no one really believed that there was an actual flesh-and-blood Willie over the seas, for whose return the bright-faced little spinster was waiting patiently.

Visitors to her little cottage had noticed a crayon portrait of a young and good-looking man which hung in her cozy drawing room; but they thought it the picture of some relative, and never connected him with the mysterious Willie.

It was in reality the face of William Arnold, and he and Miss Priscilla had been lovers when he was a young man of twenty and she a girl of seventeen.

Cruel parents had separated them, and he had gone away across the seas, where, it was afterwards reported, he had married, and since that time Miss Priscilla had heard nothing of him.

In a drawer of her bureau, which she seldom opened, there was a bundle of letters, yellow and faded with age, and a bunch of withered violets.

She always wore a bunch of them at her throat when she went out, and a nosegay of them nestled under her rounded chin this morning, when, with a cheery smile on her face, she tripped down the steps of her cottage to begin the daily round of visits among her pensioners.

Her first visit this morning was to a neat little house in a back street, where lived Bessie Vane, sole support of an invalid mother and a half dozen little brothers and sisters.

Bessie was seventeen, rather pretty and, previous to her acquaintance with Miss Priscilla Curtis, had worked in a mill, where her earnings were just sufficient to keep a shabby roof above their heads and pot bread and butter into the mouths of her hungry little brother and sisters.

She had a fair education and a refined taste. Miss Curtis helped her move into the quiet little house, which was cheaply but neatly furnished, aided her to put warm clothing on the children, and to buy an easy chair for the invalid mother.

She taught Bessie to embroider, to paint pretty little cards, and to fashion, out of cloth, paper and wax flowers so natural that it required no great stretch of the imagination to smell their perfume.

Bessie found ready sale for the product of her fingers through the help of her two eldest brothers, who hawked them from door to door and in the streets.

The income she thus derived was double that she had received in the mill, and enabled the family to live very comfortably.

Bessie had a lover—an honest, steady young man, who worked in the mill which she had left, and was, like her, the sole support of a large family.

John Brainerd was shrewd and intelligent, and seemed determined to rise in the world, although he found it pretty up-hill work.

He studied hard at nights, and had lately become much interested in constructing a model of a little appliance to be added to the machinery of a loom, that would save much labor.

He had shown his drawings of the improvement to the mill-owner, and the latter had promised to give him a hundred dollars for the invention as soon as he should perfect it.

"It's bound to be a success," he said confidently to Bessie, "and we can afford to get married when I get the money."

Miss Priscilla Curtis had taken much interest in the young mechanic, and entered heartily into his plans for the future. When she called upon Bessie this morning, she found the young girl in tears.

"What!" she cried, lifting up the young girl's face. "Crying? What's the matter?"

"It's about John, Miss Priscilla. He got caught in the belt at the mill and his arm is broken," sobbed Bessie.

"That's too bad," was Miss Priscilla's comment, "but he's stout and healthy, and broken bones soon mend."

"Yes; but it will force him to remain idle for several weeks, and all the money that he has saved up to perfect his invention will be spent."

"Oh, I guess not!" said Miss Priscilla, with one of her queer little laughs. "I know of a certain young lady who might be able to help him, if she would."

"I thought of that," said Bessie, her face brightening; "but lately the boys have not been able to do as well as formerly. I have a splendid stock of roses, and tulips, and lilies on hand, but no one seems to want them. The great craze now is for violets. You never showed me how to make them, and when I tried myself they were such wretched imitations that I grew discouraged and threw them into the fire."

She did not notice that Miss Priscilla's smiling face grew suddenly grave, and that her blue eyes became suspiciously moist.

"Get your things out," she said, after a pause, in a voice that trembled in spite of her, "and I'll teach you to make violets," adding mentally, "for love's sake."

After several attempts, Bessie was able to make a tolerably fair imitation of a violet, and she resolved to practice all day, and select an assortment of the best for the boys to sell that evening.

Miss Priscilla paid the rest of her visits, calling finally upon the wounded mechanic, whom she cheered and encouraged so much that he forgot all about his pain, and rather accepted his misfortune as a blessing.

That night she opened the bureau drawer at home, took out the bundle of yellow letters and the bunch of faded violets, and seating herself in front of Willie's picture, read them all over, crying softly.

"I'm a foolish, sentimental old woman," she said at last, and went to bed.

When she called the next day upon Bessie, she found the young girl in the best of spirits.

"Oh, Miss Priscilla!" she said, "the violets brought me a good fortune. The boys sold all that I made, and one gentleman wanted a pot of the paper violets, and Jimmy gave him my address, and he is coming here this morning."

There was a knock at the door, and before Miss Priscilla could retreat into the adjoining room the door opened, and a stout, middle aged man walked in smiling pleasantly.

"I come to see about the pot of violets," he began, but stopped suddenly, and stared fixedly at Miss Priscilla's crimson face.

"Priscilla!" he cried at last, and took a step towards her, holding out his arms.

"Willie!" she cried, and, with a sob of joy, sprang into his outstretched arms.

At first Bessie was astonished that she did not know what to do; but finally she stole softly from the room, but it was half-an-hour before she heard Miss Priscilla's voice bidding her return.

Miss Priscilla and the stout gentleman rose as she entered the room.

"Bessie," said Mrs. Priscilla, "this is Mr. William Arnold; and,"—blushing coyly and looking up into his face,—"we were friends many years ago, and some day——"

"You'll write yourself Mrs. William Arnold, eh, little woman?" cried he, and, despite Miss Priscilla's protest, kissed her then and there.

"I'm sure I'm very glad," said Bessie, not knowing what else to say.

"Glad?" cried Mr. Arnold in a hearty voice. "So you ought to be. You've made two people just as happy as—as turtle doves; and I can't forget that it was your violets that brought about this meeting. Lord bless me. It's been a quarter of a century, or more, since we were young together, and just as deeply in love as we are now. I went away across the ocean, and they told me that Priscilla was dead. I, of course, believed it: but I never ceased to think of her, and when I saw those violets in your little brother's tray last night, and remembered how she used to love them, I determined to get a potful that would always be in bloom."

Well, Mr. William Arnold and Miss Priscilla went away together, and for days thereafter there were busy preparations in the little cottage, and finally a wedding of two people, old in years but young in heart.

Mr. Arnold interested himself in John Brainerd and his invention, and assisted him to get it patented when it was perfected.

It proved a success; and with the money its sale brought him, John and Bessie were married.

So, as Mr. Arnold quaintly put it, "Four hearts were made happy through a bunch of paper violets."

ABOUT INDIA RUBBER.

IN crossing from England to America last year I made the acquaintance of a fellow passenger who was engaged in collecting India rubber on the lower region of the Amazon.

From him I learned how the natives collect the milk, as it is called, convert it into india rubber and bring it to him, receiving in payment clothes, food, trinkets, spirits, knives, etc.

He then ships it by the steamers, which call every six weeks, to New York. The natives begin work immediately after daybreak, or as soon as they can see to move about among the trees.

Rain often falls about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, so that tapping the trees must be done early, as in the event of a shower of rain, the milk would be spattered about and lost.

The collector first of all lays at the base of each tree a certain number of small cups of burnt clay. On proceeding to his work he takes with him a small axe for tapping and a wicker basket containing a good-sized ball of well-wrought clay.

He usually has a bag for the waste droppings of rubber, and for what may adhere to the bottoms of the cups, these promiscuous gatherings forming the negro head of the rubber market.

The cups are generally flat or slightly concave on one side so as to stick easily when with a small portion of clay they are pressed against the trunk of the tree. The contents of fifteen cups make about one pint.

Arriving at the tree the collector take the axe in the right hand, and striking in an upward direction as high as he can reach, makes a deep upward sloping cut across the trunk, which always goes through the bark and penetrates one inch or more in the wood. The cut is an inch in breadth.

Quickly stooping down, he takes a cup, and, pasting a small quantity of clay on the flat side, presses it to the trunk, close beneath the cut. By this time the milk, which is of dazzling whiteness, is beginning to exude and trickles into the cup.

At a distance of four or five inches, but a the same height, another cup is stuck on; and so the process is continued, until a row of cups encircles the tree at a height of about six feet from the ground. Tree after tree is treated in a like manner, until the tapping required for a day is finished.

This work is concluded about 10 o'clock in the morning, as the milk continued to exude slowly from the cuts for about three hours.

The quantity of milk that flows from each cut varies; but if the tree is a large one, and has not been much tapped, the majority of the cups will be more than half full, and occasionally a few may be filled to the brim. But if the tree is much scared from tapping, many cups only contain about a tablespoonful of milk.

On the following morning the operation is repeated, only that the cups or gashes beneath which the cups are placed are made six to eight inches lower down the trunks than those of the previous day. Thus each day brings the cups gradually lower, until the ground is reached.

On being emptied the cups are laid in a little heap at the base of each tree ready for the following morning.

The natives now prepare the india rubber for market, for which purpose large earthenware jars about eighteen inches high, with the bottoms broken out, are used. At the base they are about seven inches in diameter bulging out in the middle to about twelve inches and narrowing at the mouth to a breadth of two inches.

The milk, on being put into a large flat earthen vessel, is placed on the floor in a convenient position near to which this jar is set on three small stones, which raise it about an inch and a half above the ground.

The narrow space between the base of the jar and the floor allows the entry of air, which causes a current of smoke to ascend with remarkable regularity and force. When the fire commences to burn strongly several handfuls of palm nuts are put on, then some nuts and wood alternately.

The latter are dropped in at the mouth of the jar, until it is filled within a few inches of the top. The mould on which the rubber is prepared resembles the paddle of a canoe; in fact at many places on the Amazon, this is the article most frequently used if there is much milk and the rubber is prepared in bulky masses.

The operator holds the paddle or mould with one hand, while with the other he takes a small cup and pours two or three cups of milk over it. He then moves the mould swiftly around above the mouth of the jar so that the current of smoke may be equally distributed.

The coating of milk on the mould being held over the smoke immediately assumes a yellowish tinge, and although it appears to be firm, on being touched is still found soft and juicy, and to be sweating water profusely.

When layer after layer has been added and the mass is of sufficient thickness, it is laid down on a board to solidify. In the morning it is cut open along the edge on one side and the mould is taken out. Rubber when fresh generally forms four or five inches thick. After being taken up to dry for a few days, it is shipped to the United States. M.

THE BLANKET.—How many who lie down to sleep, night after night, under a comfortable blanket, ever considered the derivation of the word? Its origin is traced back to the time of Edward III. When he ascended the throne of England he declared war against France, but, money being scarce, it was necessary to secure it by some new method. The English raised large quantities of wool, which they sent to Flanders for manufacture, and it was decided to devote the wool crop of that year towards defraying the expenses of the war. After the more valuable wool had been used, there was still a quantity unfit for the Flemish looms. This was bought by one Thomas Blanquette, who had it woven into a coarse but warm material, and patriotically presented it to the king for the use of the soldiers and as a covering for the horses of nobles and knights. The material was named Blanquette, for the name of the donor, but it has now become a common noun.

WE are never weary of reading a good epitaph—one of which indicates the work of a life-time in a few short, crisp words. Here is one, for instances, which needs no explanation. It was inscribed on the tomb of a cannibal. "He loved his fellow men."

A PARIS correspondent says that this is a true story: A little 5-year-old daughter of American parents climbed on her father's knees and asked him to tell her a great, great secret. "Well, Mamie, here is one for you—you were born in Paris." "Oh, what a nice secret!" cried the little girl, "Does mamma know?"

For some time past I've been a rheumatic. I recently tried Salvation Oil which gave me almost instant relief. I sincerely recommend it as it has entirely cured me. JAMES GORDON.
150 S. Paca Street, Baltimore, Md.

Humorous.

AT THE END.

Out where the blue waves come and go,
  Out where the sephyrs kiss the strand,
Down where the damp tides ebb and flow,
  Down where the ocean monkeys with the sand,
William, the hungry, rustles for his meal,
Slim William, the celist, gathers the eel.

Up where the Johnny Jump Ups smile,
  Up where the green hills meet the sky,
Where, out from her window for many a mile,
  She watches the blue sea dimpling lie,
The wife of the celist, with visage grim,
Sits in the gloaming and watches for him.

Down in the moist and moaning sea,
  Down where the day can never come,
With staring eyes that can never see
  And lips that will ever continue dumb,
With eels in his breast, in a large wet wave,
William is filling a watery grave.

Up where the catnip is breathing hard,
  Up where the tansy is flecked with dew,
Where the vesper soft as the onion peels
  Wakens the echoes the twilight through,
The new-made widow still watches the shore
And sits there and waits as I said before.

They come and tell her the pitiful tale,
  With trembling voice and tear-dimmed eye,
They watch her cheek grow slightly pale,
  Yet wonder at the calm reply,
"All our tears are but idle, gentlemen,
Go bring in the eels and set him again!"

—BILL NYE.

The mirror has ample time for reflection.

Solid happiness—A 150-pound girl in 15 pounds of new toboggan suit.

Man proposes, woman disposes, marriage composes, and divorce exposes.

One peculiarity about a nail in a shoe is that it walks with its head downward.

The boys always take the girls out and the girls often take them in. Such is life.

Naomi was 580 years old when she got married. Truly, the Bible is a great consoler.

A new song is called "Autumn Leaves." The title is inopportune, as autumn left some months ago."

An advertiser in one of the papers says that he has a cottage to let containing eight rooms and an acre of land.

"I do not desire wealth for itself," remarked the philosopher. "No," replied the cynic; "I suppose you desire it for yourself."

"I wish you'd fix this pesky thing for me, it won't go," remarked an old lady to her watchmaker. The thing was a pendulum.

"Chestnuts!" yelled several person in the gallery at a minstrel show. "That's right, gentlemen," responded Bones; "if you don't get what you want, ask for it."

Why do we always talk about putting on a coat and vest? Who puts on a coat before the vest? We also say shoes and stockings. What's the matter with us, anyhow?

A doctor has written a book on "How to Strengthen the Memory." He omits the most fashionable of strengtheners, that of tying a string about the forefinger.

Customer, in restaurant: "Waiter, isn't it strange that I should find several flies in my soup?" Waiter, somewhat amazed: "It am strange for a fac, sir, for dis season ob de yeah."

Some one says "an umbrella will last far longer if, when wet, it is placed handle downward." This recipe may be very good, but locking it up will make it last still longer.

"My pa," said a small boy, "is a preacher and is sure to go to heaven." "Huh!" said the other small boy, "that ain't nothin'. My pa is a doctor and can kill your old pa."

A lady took her little boy to church for the first time. Upon hearing the organ he was on his feet instanter. "Sit down," said the mother. "I won't!" he shouted, "I want to see the monkey!"

A Vermont farmer who spent the holidays in New York wrote to his wife: "Most everybody here seems to be hard up for money. You can't go into a store without hearing somebody yelling for 'cash.'"

"Speaking of eccentricities," said Smith, "my father is an example; he has not cut his hair for the last half-dozen years." "Indeed! His hair must be very long by this time?" "Oh, no! The old gentleman was bald before then."

An elderly gentleman, on whose head only a few lonesome hairs lingered, entered a drug store and said to the clerk: "I want to buy a hair brush." "For your own use?" "Yes." "What's the matter with a tooth brush?"

CONCERNING CORK.—Cork is the bark, not the wood, of the cork-oak. The bark comes from Spain and Portugal, where they keep cork woods. It doesn't kill the tree to take its bark away, and it can be skinned every six or eight years. About $1,000,000 worth of the raw bark is brought to this country every year.

The cork has to be steamed before it is cut. Corks are made in thousands of sizes and grades, from the size of a pin-head up to four metres in diameter. No fewer than six hundred sizes and grades are kept in stock. None of the bark that comes over in the ships goes to waste. The cork-makers used to burn the refuse, but now they know better. In a granulated state, it is used as roof-packing. The heat can't get through the cork protector. The palace car builders use the same stuff to pack under the floors of their cars to deaden the sound, and under the roof to keep the heat out.

The finest of the refuse is used by picture-frame makers in decorations. They sprinkle it on their bronzed or japanned frames; and large models, in the shape of pictures, are made from it when pressed like papier mache. Fruit and egg cases, ice-houses and ice-machines are often packed with the granulated cork, which costs only two cents a pound.

A LADY, greatly agitated, with the lower part of her face wrapped up in a white handkerchief, rushes madly into a dentist's office. "Doctor," she cries in agony, "I can't stand it any longer! Your false teeth make me suffer horribly." "In that, madam," calmly replies the artist, "they imitate nature the better.

REV. EDMUND DARROW, of Waterford, Conn., was born in the seventh year of this century, on the seventh day of the month, on the seventh day of the week, on the seventh hour of the day, and is and always has been a Seventh-Day Baptist.

A SURE CURE FOR CATARRH

CATARRH, which is the commonest of all diseases and the most neglected, consists of acute inflammation of the mucous membrane of some part of the air passages. It is an established fact that it is a LOCAL, and NOT a constitutional disease, as many suppose. Sudden changes of atmosphere, and exposure to wet and cold when the strength of the body is exhausted will often produce it.

The symptoms of catarrh consist chiefy of pains in the limbs, aching of the back, great soreness at the back of the head, a sense of tightness across the forehead, heat and stiffness of the nose, a constant desire to get rid of some unpleasant substance which seems to be high up the nostril, by blowing and drawing it with a suction-like effort to the back of the throat, often lodging in the bronchial tubes, creating a constant hawking and coughing, and a desire to clear the throat. In its more advanced stage the symptoms become more aggravated; there is a feeling of uneasiness as if the nose was *stuffed up*, owing to the thickened mucous membrane impeding the passage of the air. There is a frontal headache, cough, general weakness and much mental depression; but the most troublesome symptom is a profuse fetid, muco-purulent discharge. Sometimes this discharge is quite purulent, while it is generally tinged with blood if there be any ulcer on the mucous membrane. Large solid flakes of fibrine, or of hardened mucous occasionally come away. The smell from these crusts, owing to the rapidity with which they decompose, is so very offensive and taints the breath to such an extent that the patient is unable to go into society. He becomes an object of disgust to himself, and if he can obtain no relief, becomes despondent, has no appetite, loses his flesh, and passes his days in a miserable existence.

Many of the circulars which flood the market try to prove that Catarrh is constitutional, but the people's own good sense ought to teach them that it is the result only of a common cold, which, by being neglected, runs on its course until the unpleasant symptoms which we have enumerated, follow. In order to reach the disease and cure it, the cause must be removed, and it is only by *thoroughly washing the parts out* with a remedy that will kill the disease that the trouble can be removed. *An extract from a Clinic lecture by Prof. Gross says:* "Gentlemen, in treating Catarrh IT IS NECESSARY that the nasal passages should be thoroughly cleansed by washing them out with injections, for in no other way can the parts affected be reached."

We do not profess to cure the thousand-and-one ills which most of the remedies profess to cure, but we do profess to *cure Catarrh*. We have cured cases of *fifty* years standing. We have testimonials of the highest character from persons who have been cured by our remedy. We have called it "The Catarrh Wash," for that is just what it is. The disease is *washed out by the roots* so thoroughly, that the patient is overcome with joy at the thought of being freed from one of the most disagreeable and offensive of diseases.

We let our preparation sell upon its own merits. We do not say that *every* case will be cured by the use of one box only, for where the case is of long standing it will require a longer time to yield; but a little perseverance will surely overcome the disease.

Price $1.00 per Box, or Six Boxes for $5.00; or one Package, which contains Fourteen Boxes, for $10.00, which would be sufficient to cure any case of twenty years standing.

Our object in putting up fourteen boxes in one package instead of a dozen, is to allow every druggist to give two boxes away *gratuitously* to some needy person in order to test its merits and prove that our "Catarrh Wash" is all that we represent it to be.

Each box contains 24 treatments. To induce the afflicted to give our Wash a trial, we will send two one dollar packages, *for two persons*, to one address, provided both names are given, on receipt of one dollar. Remit by P. O. check or registered letter. Address,

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916 Mifflin Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

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By DR. HUMPHREYS, M. D.
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HOMEOPATHIC

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Make money odd days selling "Wonders" and other new books. Write A. GORTON & CO., Phila., Pa.

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1000 AGENTS WANTED to sell Lang's Live Northern Seeds. $5 per day easily earned. Terms free. Lang, Seedman, Baraboo, Wis.

75000 catalogues of Live Northern Seeds to be given away. Address Lang, Baraboo, Wis.

18 New Hidden Name Border Cards and Ring, 10c., 6 pks. & 8 rings 50c. Munson Bros., Mt. Carmel, Ct.

THE "NEW AMERICAN" STEM WINDER & SETTER ONLY $1.00

[The above cut is exact pattern and size.]

JUST PATENTED. ENTIRELY NEW.

Waterbury, Conn., The "Switzerland of America," produces more watches and time indicators yearly than the entire product of all the watch-making cities of the United States. A leading manufacturer of this enterprising city has just perfected a new article in this line, manufactured under letters patent granted in the United States, Canada and Europe, that is destined to supersede all cheap foreign watches, (which, as a rule, cannot be relied upon) and can be sold at a price that brings it within the reach of all.

The "New American" Stem Winder and Setter, a correct illustration of which we show in this advertisement, is now ready and by ordering **1,000 gross** we have secured the exclusive sale of it in the United States and Canada. It is a **STEM WINDER AND SETTER with Patent Adjustment** and is fitted with the **New Patent Stem Winding and Setting Arrangement** found on no other; also **CALENDAR** telling correctly the days of the month. It has **Hunting Cases beautifully engraved** as shown in cut, plated with **Pure Gold** on solid yellow metal (sometimes called "Aluminum Gold",) and in appearance is similar to a Solid Gold Watch costing $100. The Crystal is Double Thick Polished French Glass and all the cogged wheels, Pinion and bearings are perfectly made on the most improved and expensive machinery and each part is carefully fitted by skilled and competent workmen. Each one is carefully inspected, regulated and tested before leaving the factory, and fully **warranted by us for a period of five years,** if used with reasonable care.

SPECIAL 60 DAY OFFER: We will send the **"New American"** Stem Winder and Setter with **Fancy Pattern Gold Plated Chain** complete, all packed in an **Elegant Satin-Lined Case** free and post-paid on the receipt of **only $1** bill, money order, postage stamps or postal note **PROVIDED** the person receiving it will faithfully promise to show it to their friends and honestly endeavor to influence other sales for us. **We want to introduce it into every section of the U. S. and Canada at once.** Who will be first to secure the agency in their town? We shall not at present offer it for sale by Watchmakers and Jewelers, and only one will be sent to any address at the wholesale price of $1. We offer it at this price for two months only **to create a demand.** After 60 days this offer will be withdrawn and the demand supplied at the retail price by Jewelers. We refer to any Bank, Express Co, or Publisher in this city. **Our Illustrated Catalogue** of Solid Gold and Silver Watches from **$5 to $75,** sent **Free** with each.

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40 Photos of Female Beauties, 10c. 120 for 25c. *Sure to suit. Cat. 3c.* Gem Agency, Orleans, Ind.

WANTED An unemployed person, either sex, in own locality, for the successful business of old firm; liberal stated salary. References exchanged. A.M. MFG. HOUSE, 14 Barclay St., N. Y.

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FOR WIGS, INCHES.	TOUPEES AND SCALPS, INCHES.
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No. 2. From forehead over the head to neck.	No. 2. Over forehead as far as required.
No. 3. From ear to ear over the top.	No. 3. Over the crown of the head.
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Latest Fashion Phases.

Scarcely any dresses are now being made entirely plain. The skirts are either plaid or striped, or are embroidered. All rich evening dresses are embroidered, the train and corsage being plain. Plush is largely used for the plain material.

Many couturieres make the mistake of using tinsel or metal embroidery with plush, but it is a great mistake, as such toilettes should derive their lustre from the sheen of the plush, not from metallic brilliancy.

Satin is very fashionable for ball or dinner dresses, but it must not be used alone. The number of tulle and satin ball dresses made for young ladies is almost incalculable.

White or salmon-pink alone are to be seen, or a lovely shade of mauve, the tulle and satin always matching exactly in color.

The tulle forms the full skirt and manifold waterfall drapery over a satin slip, the satin forming a low-necked sleeveless bodice, and a large sash bow on the tournure, besides bows or puffs to loop or drape the tulle.

The following satin dress is a novelty. It is for dinner or quiet evening receptions:

The plain skirt of pale golden-brown satin is covered with a deep flounce of rich coffee lace. On the right, from the waist to the edge of the skirt, falls a pleated panel of pekin—a beautiful satin pekin, with very wide horizontal stripes of a kind of coffee crepe figured with fancy designs in a pale green-blue; the coloring is exquisite. A long tunic of satin falls low on the left but is draped up on the right beneath the panel. The back drapery is of satin; it is long and richly looped.

The satin corsage has very short basques at the back and sides, but lengthens into a point in front. A plastron of the horizontal pekin, terminating in a sharp point, is outlined with a drapery of coffee lace, which also encircles the neck. The high collar is formed from the broche crepe stripe of the pekin. There are no paruements to the elbow sleeves.

A plush ball toilette in the best style has a skirt of dark terra cotta plush, covered with cream fancy tulle embroidered with large sprays of roses in silks of natural colors. The paniers are of the fancy cream tulle, but are not embroidered; they are long and pleated, and pass beneath the plush train which is lined with creamy satin, and is ornamented with a wreath of gloire de Dijon roses and leaves, which hangs down the right edge of the train from the waist, and continues for several inches down that part of the train which rests on the floor. A spray of roses ornaments the paniers, where they are draped up in the centre of the front.

The plush corsage has a very deep point in front, and is supplied with added basques in a wide fluting of plush lined with satin. A plastron of the tulle and an open revers collar, acting as a berthe to the low-cut neck, are embroidered with roses. A very short sleeve of plush forms a kind of epaulette on the bare arm.

On the whole, there is little to be noted in mantles, for there is little or no novelty. One novel feature, however, is the trimming a mantle of plain material with stripes of astrakan or woolen marabout.

Some such mantles are so closely striped that they appear to have been made of a pekin material. When the idea is well carried out it is very effective.

Long redingotes are being made of rough or smooth cloth, principally in gray, trimmed with gray astrakan or fur. One model is in gray ribbed cloth, very long, and fastened invisibly with hooks beneath a band of fur on the right front, which, starting from the centre of the neck, slopes gradually in a rounded form across the left front to the left hip, where the basques of skirts are pleated up slightly, so that the right front is somewhat shorter than the left, across which it falls. The sleeves are wide, rather bell-shaped, and are finished with a parement of fur. The collar is also made of fur.

A second model is of iron-gray matelasse cloth, tight-fitting to the waist like a jersey. It is open up each side, from neck to edge, to show a panel of gray velvet, which is a mere line to the waist, but extends into a fan pleating below. A row of gray silk pendants edges each side of the cloth, where it falls on the velvet, and a girdle of rich gray passementerie encircles the waist and falls in front in two long ends. An upright collar and small paruements are of the gray velvet. This is certainly an exquisite model.

Short mantles and jackets are made of every variety of cloth, but astrakan cloth, in black gray or brown, is generally the favorite.

Some jackets of Lyons velvet are copies or rather adaptations of the elegant indoor corsages, or the fronts are double-breasted, with two rows of buttons, and are rather loose.

The back is close-fitting. The whole vetement is bound with fancy braid or ribbon, and is lined with silk of some bright color.

The use of Lyons velvet for mantles has revived the velvet bodices to be worn with any skirt. This is a useful revival, but is not elegant.

A bodice matching with no part of the skirt always looks make-shift and poor. It is one of the economies of dress which is obviously such, and deceives nobody.

But the present styles give great scope for economical alterations. Black dresses of silk or lace, or the two combined, can have added pleated panels on the skirts, and fichu plastron of colored silk tacked on to them by way of variety.

A black dress should be made in such a style that a panel can be tacked to the under-skirt, beneath the opening in the tunic, at a few minutes' notice, a similar plastron, or rather fichu, being draped around the neck, and down the front of the corsage.

Chapeaux are simply charming. A great many toques are worn, not the low round toque encircling the head like a crown, but the oval toque, resembling a little the well-known Scotch cap, that is drooping rather lower at the back than in front.

The drapery of the velvet or plush forming the toque is drawn to the front, where it is finished with a bow or plume.

One model is of poppy velvet, well-draped in front, and very high. The brim is of black astrakan, and the jet wings, or knife plumes, ornament the front. This style of toque is worn only by young ladies.

A second model is of iron-gray plush, with two rabbit's ears of the same plush by way of ornament, combined with two tufts of the same fur which forms the brim.

The Dubarry hat has a high crown and wide round brim turned up at the back. One model is of bronze felt bound with ribbon. In front is a large bow of bronze gros-grain, a second bow, with lofty loops, being placed at the back to secure the brim to the crown. On the left side are two beautiful pheasant wings. This hat can also only be worn by quite young women.

Many chapeaux, with chiffonnes crowns of faille, have diadem brim of tigree plush, which is most effective. In front is a mass of mixed plumes, recalling the scale of colors in the chapeau.

Many elegant capotes have brims of tigree plush, whether the crown be faille, beads or felt.

The Magician capote is a novelty, and like many novelties is a little outre, and can only be worn by the elegante. The brim cleaves closely to the head, and is a trellis-work of large jet beads. The crown is a mere tall point, a cone of smooth velvet stuck on the top of the head. Lace, ribbon and feathers form the trimming.

One model is trimmed with a drapery of Chantilly, enclosed by a crescent of large jet beads. The Magician capote never has strings.

The bouillonnes brims for capotes are again in fashion, made principally of velvet. It is very becoming to the hair and face.

A chapeau for theatre wear is of red point d'esprit tulle. The brim is of bouillonne velvet except in the middle of the front, when three deep flutings of velvet advance and throw a becoming shade over the face. The trimming is a plume of red ostrich feathers and an aigrette, a brown bird being placed immediately in front.

A very novel hat, a total contrast to the latest styles, is a large plate-like form in felt, such fine, supple felt that it looks and feels like cloth. The brim is finely scalloped all around; all manufacturers and sellers of hat shapes supply these plates from which the hat is made.

A very pretty model is made in the following style: A bouillonne brim of alsean velvet is prepared, higher in front than at the sides. On this is placed the felt plate, the tiny teeth scallops of which rest on the velvet. The two extremities of the felt at the sides are turned up and joined on the top of the hat, forming a very original crest.

Odds and Ends.

FANCY WORK OF THE DAY.

The revival of canvas as a ground for decorations executed in silk and wool is, perhaps, the most noticeable feature of modern fancy work.

Cross-stitch embroidery on linen and various textures has been so popular of late that it is no wonder that we have again to accustom ourselves to the sight of canvas, as that material is best suited to the work. But plain white canvas will not meet the requirements of the present fashion, which demands richness of color and elaboration of design in decorative work.

So the canvas is colored, and it is woven in various ways to form a pattern suggestive of the squares of a chess board. Strands of tinsel are also introduced amongst the threads of linen; indeed, canvas, pure and simple, as the Berlin wool-workers know it, is so changed as to be almost another production.

The result of the cross-stitch on the ornamental ground is admirable. To describe a cushion for which it is employed: A band of tinselled canvas is laid down the whole length; on this a design is worked in crewels and brightened up with silks; the flowers are raised, and much of the canvas is left visible. Two stripe of diagonal cloth, trimmed with rows of tinsel, border the band, separating it from the plush which covers the side portions.

Another plan is to take a wide band of tinselled canvas, work it in tapestry stitch, then lay it across the cushion in a slanting direction. This leaves two triangular pieces, which are covered with dark green unadorned plush. It is finished with a border of the same plush, on which a pattern is worked.

A toilet bag is composed of silver-gray linen canvas. Outlined stars are placed at stated intervals, and between these is a running pattern of flowers and foliage. When carried out in soft shades of gold, brown, and pink, it makes a charmingly dainty little article.

A cheval screen, partially formed of canvas, which, however, is hidden by the decoration, is extremely handsome. Both sides of the square are of plush, the centre panel of gray canvas. A set design is wrought out in various colored chenilles, which are laid on and caught down with thread through the ground. It is further embellished with Japanese gold, that serves to accentuate the pattern.

Another mode of working is seen in an antimacassar, which is grounded with ruby silk, the gray canvas itself representing a branch of vine leaves laden with grapes. A little shading is necessary to relieve the foliage and fruit.

Tinsel is in great request. After being tabooed as showy and vulgar, it is taking a prominent position in the fancy work of the present time.

To the enormous influx of oriental goods we may look for a reason of its popularity, and also that of gold thread, gold cord, and spangles.

Indian work is often lavishly enriched with metals, but unless it is carried out with artistic knowledge, it is apt to appear somewhat trumpery to the more sober taste of American men and women; and one of the drawbacks to the use of metals is that they tarnish by exposure to the air.

For our own part we could willingly dispense with their introduction in work of an elaborate character that is worthy to last for years, if judged by the time spent on its manufacture.

They answer well enough for the decoration of articles of passing fashion that are intended to have but an ephemeral existance, and make a great show without much trouble.

The stores have quite a profusion of novelties to gladden the heart of the fancy-work lover. A pleasing idea is the ornamentation of embroidered linen with colored silks.

It will be best explained by calling to mind the embroidered flounces for dresses that have been so generally worn during the last two or three years. The cream material is almost covered with white embroidery, the pattern being arranged purposely for the square or oblong piece. Thus far the fancy worker has had nothing to do with its adornment. Her part is to buttonhole with colored silks over the embroidery.

The stitches are put some distance apart, so that the white work shows between. Success greatly depends on the tints of the chosen silks; they need to be carefully blended.

Here, too, the ubiquitous Japanese gold finds another resting place, and adds to the richness of strongly-tinted pieces, suitable for a dining-room, or throws up the delicate shades that are usually approved for the drawing-room, and boudoir.

A handsome cushion is of olive-green cloth bearing a cross-stitch design. It is done by placing over the cloth a square of Leviathan canvas, working the pattern with silks, and then pulling away the canvas.

Chenille plush is a material that will find admirers on account of the richness of its appearance; couchings of silk form an appropriate style of decoration. The whole thickness of the strand of filoselle is used for outlines. The stems are put in with double lines of couching, and the veins of leaves, stamens of flowers, and small details, with silks. A massive effect is easily gained after this manner.

On felt a design is worked out wholly with tinselled crewels, the foliage is outlined, but the flowers are in high relief. An improvement this, as the felt has in itself a flat appearance, and will bear a raised design with advantage.

Perforated felt is much in vogue. A tracing is first made upon it, and holes are then punched along the lines, the work being executed in cross-stitch. When grounded with thick purse silk, the value of the piece is much enhanced.

Confidential Correspondents.

HALLIDAY.—"Wemyss" is pronounced as if spelt Weams.

TURPIN.—Gaping generally indicates exhaustion, and must be cured accordingly.

WIG.—You can get a wig at any first-class hair-dresser's. A good one would be very expensive and even then readily distinguished from natural hair.

HARD TIMES.—We do not think the cent you have is of more than its face value. Send a postal addressed to yourself and we will give you the address of a dealer in old coins.

MRS. D. D.—Did we not answer your inquiry about the volumes of "King Arthur," by Bulwer some weeks ago by postal.

MUSICUS.—To obtain notes on wine-glasses of the same size, you must regulate the quantity of water in each. You cannot, however, obtain a very extensive scale unless you use large and small glasses.

S. J.—It is pretty clear that the young lady likes John better than she does you, and was glad of an opportunity to break her engagement. All you can do is to let her go, and be thankful that you escaped marriage with such a disloyal woman.

HARRIER.—In order to become long-winded, it is necessary to train—i. e., to take plenty of exercise, and live on suitable diet. Eat meat, eggs, and marmalade. Avoid farinaceous and fattening foods. Cold baths, and anything tending to increase activity of the body, should be indulged in.

PETERSBURG.—The first slaves brought to the territory of the United States were sold from a Dutch vessel, which landed twenty at Jamestown, Virginia, in 1620. The slaves in the United States in 1790 numbered 697,897; in 1810, 1,191,364; in 1820, 1,543,688; in 1830, 2,009,043; in 1840, 2,487,355; in 1850, 3,204,313; in 1860, 4,002,990.

UNION.—Brewers give the bitter flavor to ale. They use hops quassia and gentian to give increased bitterness, but it is only small firms who employ chemicals in flavoring ale. A very small quantity of either of these would be required for a barrel, as they are both strong bitters. Isinglass is, as a rule, used in "fining," but a very good substitute is the white of an egg and crushed eggshells.

MADELINE.—There is no precise rule in the matter. To escape invidious remark, however, an escort would seem necessary. To us it appears more obligatory where the chaperon is young. Were she advanced in years so that her connection with the party would show itself by that fact, the escort might be omitted. But in your case it would not do. (2) Often we cannot answer questions in this department until the second week after receiving of letter. This will account for the apparent delay.

BELIND.—Listen to the old gentleman's arguments respectfully, acknowledge their soundness, and ask him for advice as to the best mode for you to get a knowledge of business. He could probably give you a situation in his own establishment. It would do you good to devote yourself to business for a few years. After your marriage, and on coming into your fortune, you could retire from business if you chose; but you would always be a wiser and happier man from your practical experience in business affairs.

SORROWFUL.—You seem to be in an unfortunate state of mind, and if you allow yourself to be carried away by your feelings of spite and resentment, you may do something which you would very much regret. You should try to take a common sense view of the matter, and act from sound judgment. If you do not love the young man, you should let him go at once and forever. He has shown himself to be fickle and disloyal, and that should put you on your guard against him. You may in the end find that his desertion of you was a blessing in disguise.

ZAMPA.—This famous opera was written by de Marble, composed by Herold, and brought out at the Opera Comique in Paris in 1831. According to the story, Zampa was a Sicilian brigand; and the chief characters besides are Alice Manfredi, whom he has led astray, and whose statue betrays life and movement at conjunctures most awkward for him; Alphonse, his brother, who is betrothed to Camille Lorgano, the daughter of a rich merchant, and who falls into the hands of brigands; and Camille herself, who, in her lover's enforced absence, is induced by Zampa to wed him.

GUILLAUME.—The heir-apparent of the crown of France derived his title of Dauphin from the following very singular circumstance: In 1349, Hubert, second Count of Dauphiny, being inconsolable for the loss of his heir and only child, who had leaped from his arms through a window of his palace at Grenoble into the river Isere, entered into a convent of Jacobins, and ceded Dauphiny to Philip, a younger son of Philip of Valois (for 120,000 florins, each of the value of twenty cents), on condition that the eldest son of the King of France should be always styled "The Dauphin," from the name of the province thus ceded. Charles V., grandson to Philip of Valois, was the first who bore the title.

CESTRIAN.—The original of Mrs. Beecher Stowe's "Uncle Tom" was Josiah Henson, who was born on June 15, 1789, in Charles County, Maryland, of parents who were themselves slaves. In his youth it is said, he was savagely beaten by the overseer of his master's brother; his arm and both shoulder bones were broken; and as the injuries were left to heal themselves, he was maimed for life, never being able afterwards to raise his hands to his head. He had to endure his bondage for some years longer, until an opportunity came to escape to Canada, which he reached with his wife and children on the 28th of October, 1830. He died in Ontario, Canada, on May 20th, 1883.

TILLER.—For ourselves the one neglect in the case of the excursion would decide us against her. She was bound by all the rules of womanly courtesy to remain with you. And where rules of courtesy are not respected in a maiden, there is always a chance that stronger obligations may chafe, even if they are unbroken, in a wife. Where you are merely treated as a friend, and another is selected for special marks of favor, your place is to withdraw. We judge you to be an honest manly young fellow who wants to do right. It is plain you are not deeply in love as yet, and we have no doubt you can find a girl, who, in a little while, will be more to you than the present. In such a case, if you cannot marry for a year or two, tell her so and ask her if she is willing to wait for you. That is all there is in it. (2) There is no charge for answering inquiries in this department. It is reward enough to know our readers think our advice of value. Write again and as often as you like.